

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 158 (2318).—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

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" 5 years " 1852 " " 232,061 18 4

" 5 years " 1857 " " 345,034 3 11

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June, 1861. JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

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	Votes.		Votes.
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Miss Ayling	3,276	Miss Jarvis	2,229
Miss Campbell	3,043	Miss Colman	2,214

Of the Candidates elected, one is parentless and five others are fatherless. The next election of pupils will take place early in July, 1862. All applications must be in Office before the 1st of May previous. A limited number of Pupils are received into the School (without selection) at £40 per annum.

By Order of the Committee,

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

## REVIEWS.

## THE BOOK OF GOOD COUNSELS.\*

In the infancy of the race, as in the childhood of the man, the apologue or fable is the only form in which moral counsel is successfully imparted. The mind, entirely unhabituated to anything like a lengthy process of inference, is only affected by direct precepts, and concrete illustrations. With nations and with men who are imperfectly civilized, the result is an object of greater anxiety than the process; and their rules of life consist for the most part of terse, flashing proverbs, the condensed conclusions of experience. In such a stage, men do not fully or indeed at all comprehend the large variety of mutually hostile considerations which enter into most questions, and which it is their business to weigh and sift; they require straightforward and brief rules which will occur without delay on such occasions as call for them. Nothing is more utterly intolerable to the untrained man than compromise; no course so unsatisfactory as the *via media*. The wisest of monarchs supplies us with an example of this hatred of anything but absolute and unmodified injunction, when he tells us both to answer a fool according to his folly, and almost in the same breath, to do the very reverse. As men and nations become more advanced, they deal less in these condensed sayings; and it is doubtful how far a modern sage would like it to have it recorded of him that he spake three thousand proverbs, and that his songs were a thousand and five. We may be assured of what progress a people has made when its teachers convey their instructions through "beasts and fowl and creeping things and fishes." Of course, even in highly civilized nations, there are some men so obtuse and dull that the only method of conviction with them is that of fable. Their fancy may be struck, when their reason is impenetrable.

In these remarks we refer to the Fable proper, that namely which is didactic. As an acute French critic has remarked, the Fables of La Fontaine are poetic; they are merely poetry in disguise. Neither, again, for another reason, can the Fables of Gay in English, and of Lessing in German, be considered as Fables proper. The beasts are no more than the men and women of the period, dressed up and labelled as beasts or birds, but acting and arguing like themselves.

The oldest of fables is the Sanskrit collection, called the *Hitopadesa*, or Book of Good Counsels. From this are derived the stories of *Æsop* and of *Pilpay*; and as we peruse them we are constantly coming across passages which would seem to be the originals of half the proverbial sayings with which we are acquainted. The prose is as old as our own era, but the proverbs may be assigned to a period far more remote. The *Hitopadesa* was originally compiled in Sanskrit; in the sixth century it was translated into Persian; thence it passed into the Arabic, and thence into Hebrew and Greek. We have before us the last English translation of this ancient book, executed by Mr. Edwin Arnold, who was formerly Principal of the College at Poona, and who is already very favourably known as the author of a most judicious pamphlet on the subject of Education

in India. His poems too which have appeared at various times might have prepared us for the spirit and grace of diction which have succeeded in completely naturalizing the original of the volume before us. Mr. Arnold by his present task has earned the gratitude of the scholar and man of letters on the one hand, and of the statesman on the other—of the scholar, for having placed so interesting a work as the *Hitopadesa* within his reach, and of the statesman, for an attempt to familiarize us with the traditions and the sentiments of the inhabitants of our great Oriental dependency. We may depend upon this, that we shall never have any real hold upon India, nor ever need hope to impart an appropriate leaven of our civilization to her people, until we have taken some pains to learn what is best and wisest in her own civilization, until we have studied its development from these her fables and proverbs, up to the time when fables and proverbs were replaced by the profound if mystic philosophy of the erudite Brahman of our own day.

We shall proceed to indicate one or two traits of character, which seem to show themselves in the stories before us. We must premise that Mr. Arnold has in various places, as in the story of the Monkey and the Wedge, softened down the indelicacy of the original, and one tale has been entirely omitted, its coarseness rendering any attempt at paraphrase or expurgation hopeless. We may also say, that the translator deserves our thanks for the way in which he has compressed the mercilessly long *shlokes* of the original. In the translation of the *Hitopadesa* by Professor Johnson, published in 1848, all these *shlokes* are rendered in prose. The pervading tameness of the Professor's style may be judged from one short passage taken at random.

"A wary goose, whilst seeking for the new shoots of the water-lily at night, was for a moment deceived in a pool, which reflected the images of the stars in great number; again, in the daytime he would not bite the water-lily, suspecting it to be a star."

One of the most striking points in the general tone of the *Hitopadesa* is the want of humour. The whole story is pervaded by a gravity which is essentially Oriental. Fable would seem to be the sphere especially inviting to humour, but the fables of the *Hitopadesa* are wholly devoid of it. We may, perhaps, explain this somewhat curious feature of Hindu character, without involving ourselves in any transcendental theories. It would seem that genuine humour can only exist in minds that are fundamentally serious. Humour is what distinguishes the seriousness of the dullard, or the prig, from that of the man with true insight; and it is never found except in conjunction with more or less of this insight. It corresponds very much to the "irony" which has been so noted in the tragedies of Sophocles; and we nowhere find more splendid examples of it than in the noblest of all tragedies, *Hamlet*. Shakespeare's mind, essentially so profoundly tragic, was also endowed with the airiest and brightest humour. Burns, again, is another instance where humour sprang directly from the saddest seriousness.

The Hindus are destitute of this humour, because they take no serious view of life. To them life has no mysteries, presents no strange inexplicable difficulty or manifold perplexities. Resigned with ignoble patience to whatever destiny may bring, they know not what it is

"To grunt and sweat under a weary life;"

and the same fatal passivity of soul makes them careless of death, and whether there be

ought after death. "What will be, will be," is the grand consolatory generalization.

"What will be, will be; and who knows not—

"Meeting makes a parting sure,  
Life is nothing but death's door.

For truly—

"As the downward-running rivers never turn and never stay,  
So the days and nights stream deathward, bearing human lives away.

And though it be objected that—

"Bethinking him of darkness grim, and death's unshann'd pain,  
A man, strong-souled, relaxes hold, like leather soaked in rain.

Yet is this none the less assured, that—

"From the day, the hour, the minute,  
Each life quickens in the womb;  
Thence its march, no falter in it,  
Goes straight forward to the tomb."

Considering that this is the general tenor of Hindu teaching, we are occasionally astonished by instruction of a precisely contrary sort. For example:—

"By their own deeds men go downward, by them men mount upward all,  
Like the diggers of a well, and like the builders of a wall.

Advancement is slow—but that is in the nature of things,—

"Rushes down the hill, the crag, which upward 'twas so hard to roll;  
So to virtue slowly rises—so to vice quick sinks the soul."

And again:—

"'Tis the fool who, meeting trouble, straightway destiny reviles;  
Knowing not his own misdoing brought his own mischance the whiles."

And in the following passage, we have a most remarkable exposition of a philosophy, which is a curious combination of the Hindu doctrine of resignation, and the self-reliant tenets of the modern school of Emerson:—

"To be master of one's self—to eat only to prolong life—to yield to love no more than may suffice to perpetuate a family—and never to speak but in the cause of truth, this, said Kapila, 'is armour against grief. What would'st thou with a hermit's life—prayer and purification from sorrow and sin in holy streams? Hear this!—

"Away with those that preach to us the washing off of sin—Thine own self is the stream for these to make ablutions in: In self-restraint it rises pure—flows clear in tide of truth, By widening banks of wisdom, in waves of peace and truth.  
Bathe there, thou son of Panda! with reverence and rite, For never yet was water wet could wash the spirit white.

Resign thyself to loss. Pain exists absolutely. Ease, what is it but a minute's alleviation?"

It is clear, however, even in such passages as these, that the Hindu is without that sentiment of helpful seriousness, that practical recognition of the contradictions and miseries and inconsistent joys of life, which constitutes the only source of real humour. And here, by the way, we must demur to Mr. Arnold's statement in his preface that the famous German fable, Reynard the Fox, is in any way related to, or derived from, these ancient stories of the East. Reineke Fuchs is overflowing with a humour essentially Teutonic. Let the reader compare Reynard with the Jackal of the *Hitopadesa*.

The only approach to anything like Humour in the Hindu, is the grim satisfaction which he always feels, when he sees a man thoroughly put into a corner, and caged up by Destiny. When he finds one in a state of helpless perplexity, not knowing which way to look or what to do, when in fact there is nothing to be done, and no way to look, then indeed a sensation very like the Humorous does steal over him.

But whilst denying thus much to these stories, let us not refuse to do justice to what it has

\* The Book of Good Counsels; from the Sanskrit of the *Hitopadesa*. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. 5s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

been frequently asserted, is as absent as humour from the Hindu mind; we mean Fancy. One short and very beautiful stanza is enough for our purpose:—

"Like as a plank of drift-wood  
Tossed on the watery main,  
Another plank encountered,  
Meets,—touches,—parts again;  
So tossed, and drifting ever,  
On life's unresting sea,  
Men meet, and great, and sever,  
Parting eternally."

This verse, strangely enough, is a proof that the source of the *shlokes* must be found in a distant era. At the present day, there is nothing of which the Brahmins have a greater horror than "the Black Water," as they call the Sea. No allusion so odious would be ventured upon in an age when the modern Brahmanical sentiment at all existed.

No notion of God at all resembling the Western conception of deity, can be traced either in Indian traditions or in modern Indian life. The Hindoos, in spite of their much-vaunted civilization, are, as far as religion or worship is concerned, in the very first and most barbarous stage of national life, when gods are not revered but dreaded. We need not leave our own country to see that this conception of a Supreme Being is almost the only one which the rude, unguided soul can attain to. In country villages where the nineteenth-century darkness and ignorance are almost appalling, the mind of the peasant, as it has been acutely remarked by the most truly philosophical of contemporary novelists, can with difficulty, we might say, can never be brought to associate the idea of power with benignity. God is a being to be propitiated; and whether we look at the uncouth rustic with his superstitious dread of One whom with his lips he salutes as all-merciful, but in his heart believes to be relentless and terrible; or at the savage who, before commencing his meal, throws a piece of meat aside to conciliate the auspicious favour of his deities, we have in either case the same sentiment of an uncultivated mind. The tendency of thought would seem to be first to make the gods mere bogies, horrible and indignant spirits; then, the element of worship enters, and sublimating fear into reverence, turns the gods into heroes; the third step transforms them into abstractions. The Hindus are in the primal of these stages: their gods are dreadful bogies.

Yet here as before, we find one or two passages in the *Hitopadesa*, which stand out in strange and startling contrast to the general tone of its teaching. As we are astonished amidst the general Predestinarian precepts, by the appearance in clear form of the doctrine that "Man is man, and master of his fate;" so after page upon page, where God is either not recognized at all, or else held up as an object of dread under the form of a baleful Destiny, we come across some isolated sentiment of high theosophy. Here is one for instance:—

"True Religion!—'tis not blindly prating what the priest may prate,  
But to love as God hath loved them, all things be they small or great."

It would require much more space than we can afford, to enter into a full examination of the manifold points which the perusal of the old Sanskrit story-book suggests. Apart from its value as a guide to those who would know somewhat of the people whose future is so entirely dependent on ourselves, and apart from the amusement it furnishes as a mere collection of fables, this version of the *Hitopadesa* is of the very deepest interest for all who love to contemplate man and the human mind in the philosophy of far-off centuries, and in the people of remote climes.

#### GLENCREGGAN.\*

BETWEEN "the venerable Bede" and Cuthbert Bede there rolls a great sea of time. Between the great churchman of the north country and the comic clergyman of the south country, there is as much difference as between an eighty-pounder and a pop-gun. But let us cultivate the art of forgetting disagreeable antecedents, when a man takes to "purging and living cleanly," as Mr. Bede has now done. No more tawdry tinsel of strained jokes, no more fallacious flicker of paltry puns, but, instead, a good, solid, rather heavy guide-book to Cantire. No more blundering attempts at humour about Oxford life, but good, firm, and not always entirely digestible slabs of geological, legendary, and historical information about Cantire and its Mull,—a most laudable effort, even if a little too prolix and diffuse.

Cantire, that we have seen looming, blue and airy, from the white-caverned shores of Antrim, derives its name from the Gaelic word *Ceanntire*, "the Land's End;" for it is the southern part of the county of Argyle, and is a peninsula, only twelve miles from Ireland, washed by the Atlantic, and flanked by the Isles of Arran and the Southern Hebrides. It lies out of the way of the ordinary tourist. Even Black's Guide to Scotland does not mention Campbellton, its capital. Pennant's account is meagre; Macculloch only refers to its geology; Dr. Beattie only mentions Tarbert; and Lord Teignmouth, in his *Scotland*, condemns the Cantire scenery as not worth notice. This enumeration of Mr. Bede's predecessors sufficiently proves that Cantire has been neglected by tourists; and Mr. Bede's volumes certainly prove, at more than sufficient length, that such neglect was undeserved.

The fact is, Cantire lies too far south and west of the best Scotch scenery; and as tourists are gregarious, few like to break fresh ground and discover beauties for themselves. But as Cantire is a peninsula, in its widest part not more than twelve miles in breadth, the sea is always a beautiful object in the landscape. There are winding glens, and, for a backbone, a range of hills, 1200 feet high, crowned by "Beinn-an-Tuire," the Wild Boar's mountain. The view from its heathery plateaux is grandly panoramic. To the west is the Atlantic, studded by the Southern Hebrides; to the east is Kilbrennan Sound and the Frith of Clyde, with the torn peaks of Arran; further north stretch Loch Fyne, the Isle of Bute, and Ben Lomond, reigning glumly over his tributary mountains; due north may be seen Ben More and the hills of misty Mull; while far to the southward lies the Antrim coast, like a blue cloud upon the sea. The scenery southward is wild, while the north has a soft beauty entirely its own.

Historically Cantire has claims on the interest both of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Cantire, it may not be generally remembered, was the original seat of the Scottish monarchy, and its chief town was capital of Scotland centuries before Edinburgh was even thought of. It was in Cantire Christianity first took root in western Scotland, and here it was St. Columba preached, before the Bible had been opened even in holy Iona. From its being one of the chief territories of the Lord of the Isles, its strongholds were also the centres of repeated feudal wars.

From what we gather in the author's preface, this somewhat overloaded yet useful and conscientious book was the result of two months spent by Mr. Bede in Cantire; since then, of

much industry, reading, and research. The Cantire gentry and clergy have aided Mr. Bede; and for upwards of fifty legends he is indebted to a well-known indefatigable local collector, Mr. Peter McIntosh of Campbellton.

His geological and other maps have also been revised by old inhabitants, and on the spot too; so that little has been spared to make the book a tolerably complete one. Yet, for a truth, if we had heard that Lord Brougham had taken to tight-rope dancing, or Blondin had taken Orders, we could not be more astonished than at thus finding the punning, comic clergyman turned topographical writer, and of the heaviest metal too. "Certes" nothing seems too light or too heavy for Mr. Bede's seimnet: he gives us statistics and archæology, notes on Highland dress, manners, customs, sports, and trades; on moors, glens, lochs, rivers, towns, villages, churches, castles, farms, and bothies. Saul then, at last, is among the prophets. Runic crosses or salmon spearing, brownies or grouse shooting, second-sight or Jacobite songs, it is all one to him, so it either amuse or be worth preserving.

To many quiet people, Mr. Bede's style will still be thought far too tripping, the gaiety too unceasing, too obtrusive, and too forced. He makes silly puns, and then apologizes for making them, which is foolish; and he changes from rather heavy disquisition to rather frivolous playfulness with the rapidity with which a ventriloquist changes his voice. Purple clouded with fustian is an ugly sight, yea small beer and champagne go not well together.

But the part we like best of Mr. Bede's two volumes, is that which is devoted to local legends. His geology we can read elsewhere, his humour we have had enough of, his drawing is trivial, his archæology second-hand, but his legends are admirable and highly curious. What curious records of local feeling, of by-gone superstitions and of small bye-paths of history these are! For instance, who has ever associated Scotland with the great plague of 1666? and yet we find that it swept Ayrshire, and passed like a great white cloud across to Cantire; but let Mr. Bede's highlander tell us of it.

"It was a fearsome time! whole households died, and there were none to bury them, neither would any go near to them; and these houses of the dead were avoided, till first the thatch fell in, then the walls, and then a green knoll covered all, giving them a burial many, many years after it had been denied them by man. You see there Carradale Glen, where the plantings are, and where the river comes down from the mountains—a bonnie glen it is, where the Haldreans came some fifty years ago, and preached the Gospel, and were persecuted for righteousness' sake. Well, sir, in that glen, in the time of the Great Plague, there was a man who took the sickness; and, hearing of what I've told you of the people dying in their houses, he feared he should not be buried. So, this fear took such a power over him, that he prevailed on some of his friends to dig his grave; and he went and sat by, and saw it done. And when it was dug, he laid himself in the grave, with his sword by his side; and presently he died; and his friends covered his body with the turf. Mac Caog was the man's name; and they will show you the grave to this day. 'Uaigh-Mhic-Caoga' is its Gaelic name, which means 'the Grave of Mac Caog.'"

Mr. Bede is not very dramatic or picturesque in his style; but, on the contrary, is rather flabby and prolix. Yet he cannot spoil the curious Cantire superstitions; as, for instance, of the old creature in the hill, who makes an awesome noise before any of the neighbouring chieftains die; of the little fairy dwarf in

\* *Glencreggan*; or, *a Highland Home in Cantire*. By Cuthbert Bede. Illustrated with maps, chromo-lithographs, and sixty-one woodcuts. 2 vols. (Longman.)



Carradale, whose weeping foretells death. The Cantire people, it seems, believe in spectral funerals, and used, not long since, to "wake" their dead, and keep the Druids' May-day, when great fires were lighted on the hills before sunrise. There were, indeed, not many years ago, old women in Cantire who sold good winds to mariners.

The stories of the old Macdonalds prove to us that they were little better than brave half-savages. One of them used to amuse himself by standing on the battlements of his castle and firing, without any warning, at all suspicious strangers, with a gun that he called, playfully, his "cuckoo." This man, on one occasion, saw three of his guests asleep in a row, with their necks bare: a bare neck to a Macdonald was what a bald head was to the Irishman—irresistible. He gave a swinging swish with his sword, and the three heads rolled on the ground. What an unpleasant man to visit! On another occasion he imprisoned all the leading men of the M'Lean clan, and used to hang one every morning before breakfast, just to give himself an appetite for his trout and eggs.

Some of the Cantire legends—no doubt as true as oral traditions can be—have a great wildness and pathos about them, and would have been heartily enjoyed by Sir Walter. Here is one called

THE LAIRD OF TARPIE AND THE BEGGAR CAPTAIN.

"A long time ago there was an Irish gentleman, tall, handsome, and strong, who traversed Cantire for years, sleeping chiefly in caves, and begging his way from house to house. He was insane, but quiet and peaceable. The tale told of the loss of his reason is a romantic one. He was an officer of high rank in the army, and had distinguished himself in battle. The war over, he returned to his native country, to the girl he had left behind him. They had been engaged for some time, and had sworn to be true to each other till death. Her father refused to give him her hand, so they eloped, but were overtaken in a deep glen by her relatives and a body of armed men. The officer made a desperate defence, protecting his bride with uncommon bravery; but he was soon overpowered by numbers, and, in the *mêlée* that ensued, an unfortunate stroke from his sword pierced his bride's breast, and she fell dead. He no longer attempted to defend himself, and was hurried off to prison, where he was condemned to death. He contrived, however, to make his escape, and fled across the waters to Cantire; but his reason had sunk under the shock, and for the remainder of his life he wandered about these hills and dales a harmless fugitive, talking to himself in those continental languages in which he could pour forth the tale of his sufferings, with none to understand his words, though with all to pity him."

Nor do we like less, the best of all cavern stories, that of the cavern of Keill, said to be six miles long. It is haunted, and yet a piper once offered to enter it with his dog and explore it to the very core. In he went boldly, his friends watching in terror at the cave's mouth, the dog, with his tail between his legs, followed after him. The piper's music echoed through the cave.

"He was sooner lost to sight than to sound, and his friends heard his shrill music gradually becoming fainter and fainter, until all at once, when, as they supposed, he had passed the fatal boundary, his pipes were heard to give an unearthly and tremendous skirl, while a yeldritch laugh resounded through the cave. The little terrier dog presently came running out of the cavern, but without his skin! In process of time he obtained a fresh skin, but he was never heard to bark again! As for the piper, what was his fate can only be a matter for conjecture; but he is supposed to have stumbled on the subterranean passage; for, about five miles from the cavern, there is a farm-house, and underneath its hearthstone the piper has often been heard playing

his favourite tune, and stopping occasionally to ejaculate,

"I doubt, I doubt,  
I'll ne'er win out!"

But fine or weird as the story of the Piper's Cave is, we like still better the tremendous oriental machinery of the legend of the Magic Bridge of Glen Clachaig.

"About a century ago, there lived in this glen a man named Beith. He was a pious and intelligent man, but was frequently troubled by the arch-fiend, who appeared before him in terrible shapes. One night when Beith was returning home, he was going up the glen by the side of the river, with the intent to cross it at a safe and narrow place high up towards Dubhlochan; and had come to a place where it was wide and dangerous, with steep and rugged rocks on either side, when, to his surprise, he perceived that an elegant bridge had been thrown over the river. He was about joyfully to set foot upon it, when the thought that it was an invention of his dire enemy the Evil-one to entice him to his destruction, fortunately arrested his progress. Beith dropped upon his knees and uttered a fervent prayer; when, immediately, the bridge disappeared with a tremendous noise, as if ten thousand iron chains had rattled down the glen; and Beith, preserved from death, went thankfully on his way home, feeling more than ever convinced that the devil's power must be resisted by faith and prayer."

It is only a pity that stories so finely imaginative as these should be marred by being buried under masses of incongruous undigested extracts from earlier writers.

The illustrations in Mr. Bede's bulky two volumes deserve a good word, but not a good word without reservation. The chromo-lithographs by Messrs. Hanhart may be skilful and faithful copies of Mr. Bede's water-colour drawing, but all we can say is, that they are very dull, coarse, and horribly untrue in colour. The woodcuts, especially when taken from photographs or little pen drawings, are neat and original in manner. The little comic drawings are rather good-natured than really humorous, with one or two favourable exceptions.

That Mr. Bede has made a mull of Cantire we do not say; but we do say that his book, though full of much amusing information and much tolerably careful compilation, is a great deal too voluminous for the subject. With more humility and equal industry, Mr. Bede, if he abandons buffoonery, which is not his natural tendency (for he is evidently of a dull, serious turn), will become a sensible and useful writer of pleasant Guide Books.

SLAVERY AND SECESSION.\*

COTTON is King—from Carolina to Florida: his throne is on heaps of negro bones, and his sceptre is the whip. White men bow down before him, and he rides on the necks of ebony slaves. At his command religion is mocked, morality trampled underfoot, justice ridiculed, the ties of kindred severed. His Majesty holds sway beyond his native domain; his influence penetrates to the land of freedom—to the very people who sacrificed twenty millions to emancipation. He is suzerain in Lancashire; the men of Manchester are his vassals; the looms of Preston and of Rochdale rattle daily in his honour. After him troop pallid crowds—used-up men, sickly women, and children old before their time. For every one can do him service. He has tasks for early infancy: he brooks no sport, no play, no recreation; he delights in factory work, in foul air, in wan faces, and in

\* *Slavery and Secession in America.* By Thomas Ellison. Pp. xvi., 371. 8s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

wasted forms. Click-clack is the music for him; click-clack, click-clack, from "morn till dewy eve," and from dewy eve till late into the night. And his music has a golden ring: it draws men of all opinions and of all religions. The stiff Tractarian dances to it; the sleek Evangelical waddles to it; and the sober-paced Quaker ambles to it. So Cotton is King: there is no denying it; and he holds his Court in the Southern States of America. But is he limited to them alone? May he not transfer his seat of tyranny elsewhere? Are there no lands in Africa that he may sow? Has India no soil to suit his planting? May he not issue thence his bales to spinning Lancashire? So that he fill their purses, do the merchants of Manchester care where he reigns? And so that he fill their bellies, do the spinners of Preston care where he dwells? The cotton-raisers of the Southern States have taken too much upon them: they think to thrust upon men both their king and his satellite. We like their cotton, but we hate their slavery; and if they calculate that Englishmen will support the satellite for the favour they have towards the king, they commit a grievous oversight. That a curtailment of the supply of American cotton would inflict much temporary suffering upon our people, we do not doubt; but that it would be but temporary we feel quite sure. Already efforts are being made to obtain the staple elsewhere; and when this object, so much to be desired, has been attained, farewell to the monopoly of the Southern States. Humpty-dumpty will be beyond the assistance of the stoutest dray-horses and an army of men. Yet so hot-blooded are Southerners, that a groundless panic has caused them to run the risk. With the apprehensiveness so characteristic of conscience-stricken evil-doers they saw danger to their "institution" in the election to the Presidency of an "honest" man, who was not bound to them by a partnership in sin. For it requires no very mountainous faith to believe Mr. Ellison's well-grounded assertion, that the cause of secession is slavery. They were sure no extension of slavery would be allowed; they were afraid that a modification of it would be attempted: and though we think that their fear was a baseless phantasy, we can readily understand a guilty sensitiveness. Mr. Ellison traces the influence of this sensitiveness from the date of the Declaration of Independence to its present issue in bloodshed. That the "institution" has always been looked upon as a possible bone of contention, everybody knows; and that it was looked upon in the earliest days of the Republic as an anomaly only the more grotesque, because existing in the land of freedom *par excellence*, Mr. Ellison fairly concludes, to mention no other reasons, from "the euphemisms with which the framers of the famous document sought to hide the monster iniquity." The "famous document" is the "Constitution," in which slaves are invariably alluded to as "persons," and "persons held to service or labour." Now, ambiguous as the terms are, they make one of two things perfectly clear,—either that the "Constitution" did not look upon slaves as chattels, for a "person" cannot be a chattel, or that the document is couched in language incapable of being "understood of the people," a very singular thing in a country where the people is supreme. Mr. Ellison charges poor John Bull with the perpetuation of slavery in the United States, and Spain with the origination of it; this we think hardly fair. John Bull has a broad back certainly, and he wants it; for the bundle of his own sins is enough to break down an ordinary

porter, but he should not be saddled with more than his own: the deed of the 1st of August, 1834, entitles him to acquittal on any charge of slave-perpetuation, and gives us a right to conclude that, had America then been a colony of Great Britain, in all probability not a slave would exist where the English tongue is spoken, how much soever it be spoken through the nose. We think Mr. Ellison has passed over, without due comment, the grand opportunity which America had for settling the question of slavery for ever. It was in 1783, when a difficulty arose as to how "slaves should be counted, or whether they should be counted at all." As in taxation, so in representation, it was ultimately agreed that five negroes should count as three persons. Whether this method of calculation will be adopted when every man receives the reward of his deeds done in the flesh is open to considerable doubt, but in 1783 a very professedly God-fearing people undertook to dispose of His creatures in this ratio. Now, it is pretty certain that had all who were at heart abolitionists upon this occasion (and cotton had not then become so golden, nor had Eli Whitney invented the saw-gin), made a stand in favour of the coloured "persons," "Secession and Slavery" would never have been heard of. Either North and South would at once have separated into distinct confederacies, or the negro would have been emancipated. And he had well deserved it. He had fought and bled for the commonwealth; his blood was found to be as red as his master's, nor was it a worse cement for liberty. His title was soon acknowledged in the North; but Southern generosity was no proof against Southern greed. There was another course: the North might have admitted him to be property; this they would not hear of, and they nobly compromised the matter by calling him three-fifths of a man! Yet to make him property and not count him at all in representation would have been better afterwards for Northern influence; for population is the basis of the election of representatives. It is thus that the South so long exercised undue preponderance in the House. Now they find, as Mr. Ellison shows us by proof drawn from accurately-prepared statistical tables, in area, in population, in agriculture, in commerce, they are dropping fast behind the North; their weight in the assemblies is becoming less felt; their "institution" is being jeopardized; and, in a fit of mingled terror and vexation, they determine on secession. Their right to secede at all Mr. Ellison speaks somewhat cautiously about; their right to secede in the way they have adopted he most justly and most strenuously denies. Rebels he calls them, and rebels they undoubtedly are. You must give notice if you wish to quit a club; you cannot secede when the spirit moves you, and certainly not pocket the club property. Can States withdraw, without due warning, from a solemn confederation, and seize, moreover, the Federal property? South Carolina, of course, began it. "The gallant little State," as Calhoun called her, has always been the first to show her teeth. Another gentleman, in more homely but perhaps more appropriate terms, declared that she was "a spoilt child and wanted spanking;" and in 1832, under Nurse Jackson, she very nearly "caught it" for her petulance, but she succumbed at a sight of the "General's" horny hand. However, when Mrs. Buchanan came to preside over the nursery she grew extremely fractious, and ultimately set authority at defiance, drawing with her a number of admiring States, ready to follow a naughty example. What is to be the end of it, "*caliginosa nocte premit Deus*;" but Mr. Ellison tells us:—

"The United States Government believes that the quelling of the Southern rebellion is not such a difficult thing as is sometimes represented. The uprising, it says, does not extend to the whole Southern people, but is the work entirely of a band of disappointed and defeated politicians. These men have usurped the reins of Government, and now tyrannize over the more peaceful and Union-loving people, and they are so thoroughly organized that they can prevent the expression of opinions contrary to their notions. The Administration believes that the South is not a unit in the desire for secession; that the real disunion party is a very small minority; that there is a strong anti-secession section which is coerced; and that the great bulk of the people are deluded by their leaders. These latter are the victims of the foulest misrepresentations as to the intentions of the Northern States, and their misgivings as to the results of war are silenced by the promulgation of the most absurd statements as to the intentions of the European Powers. The peace-loving people of the South back the secessionists, because they are under the impression that Lincoln purposes to invade their territory with an army of 'blood-thirsty abolitionists' (to use their own phrase), whose work it will be to liberate the blacks, and carry fire and sword to the very hearths of the white people. It is lamentable that such atrocious falsehoods should be believed; but so it is, and no one on the spot dare attempt to undeceive the multitude, whilst all information from the free States is carefully excluded from the 'Southern Confederacy.'"

If it be so, we may still hope to see the breach healed; and that it may be healed is the wish of most Englishmen. Meanwhile, we can recommend to all Mr. Ellison's carefully-prepared work; it is a model of typography and so forth, and its tabular estimates of comparative areas, population, commerce, wealth, &c., in the Northern and Southern States, worthy of a Fellow of the Statistical Society.

#### A SAUNTER THROUGH THE WEST END.\*

DURING a campaign in the Low Countries, when provisions were scarce, a French cook by his art was enabled to present his master with a new form of dish, concocted out of very old materials. The flavour was delicious, the aroma delicate, and the taste appetizing, but, after all, there was but little substance, with slender nutriment, in the dish. Mr. Leigh Hunt's volume bears a strong resemblance in its composition to the ingenious feat of the desperate *maitre de cuisine*. Its only novelty is the adroitness with which old materials are worked up; of new information there is positively none. Messrs. Jesse, Peter Cunningham, J. T. Smith, and, best of all, Mr. Timbs, had gleaned every crumb of information; but still, with a keen recollection of *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb*, we expected better things from the veteran author, and we think it was scarcely a wise or kind act to reproduce this posthumous volume, which needs its writer's corrections. The complaints about his "incarceration" for a libel in the *Examiner*, and a long digression on American dishonesty in the matter of copyright, are singularly out of place; and the prominence which he gives to his special political views, will jar rather offensively on the ears of those who conscientiously differ with him. The book is imperfect, but we must deal tenderly with it, for "he doth sin that doth belie the dead."

The title is unexceptionable, it is happily and appropriately chosen to denote the gossiping contents of the book; light, chatty, and amusing. The author quietly puts his arm in

\* *A Saunter through the West End*. By Leigh Hunt. 10s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

that of his reader, and as he passes on from Hyde Park Corner down Piccadilly or Pall Mall to the Haymarket and Soho, points out the anecdotes connected with each locality, making choice of such topics only as suit the sunny side of the street and a lazy turn of mind, leaving his companion abruptly opposite Buckingham Palace. Touches of quiet, genial humour, playful interruptions, and amusing stories told in a quaint, unaffected style, contribute to the attractive conversational tone adopted, as he saunters along with his friend of the hour. The great Duke of Wellington is spoken of as still a resident in Apsley House; and then our cicerone shows us the house in which Lord Byron lived; alludes to the balcony, now removed, in which he had seen the disolute Duke of Queensberry watching the passers-by; reminds us of the lovely politician, the famous Duchess of Devonshire, as he passes under the ugly wall that conceals the beauty of Devonshire House; of Monk Lewis and Macaulay, who had chambers in the Albany; and of Handel, Pope, and Gay, entering under the arch of Burlington House, built by Boyle and satirized by Hogarth; and of the muster of the St. James's Volunteers of fifty years ago, assembled in the courtyard a thousand strong, with a Piccadilly undertaker for a major, and for their colonel Lord Amherst, afterwards ambassador to China, who, as he "was in the act of answering the regimental salute, was pitched right over his horse's head in the most beautiful of summersaults," which the corps, in an unumilary manner, approved by "an uproarious burst of laughter." In St. James's are buried Mrs. Delany, Akenside, and Benjamin Stillingfleet, whose blue hose and frequent visits to Mrs. Montague and her coterie were the origin of the term "blue stockings," applied to those learned ladies. After a flattering tribute paid to Messrs. Hatchard, Fortnum and Mason, Thorpe, Ridgway, and Pickering, our author tells us of his own residence near "the pump," for which its donor, Mr. Beaumont, really deserves the credit of being the originator of drinking fountains for the poor; of Hazlitt lodging in Dean and Halfmoon Streets, Lord Eldon in Hamilton Place, Pope at school near Park Lane, the dissipated Marquis of Hertford living in Dorchester House, classical Mrs. Carter dying in Clarges Street, and Madame D'Arbly and Mrs. Norton once residents in Bolton Street. Evelyn and Arbuthnot are among the worthies of Dover Street, Boswell, Thomson, and Sterne, of Bond Street; whereupon Sterne receives a spirited, but not very successful, defence, and a similar plea is set up for Mrs. Inchbald in love, pacing Sackville Street to watch the lights that burned in the room of a married man—her own physician—and rapping runaway knocks at doors in King Street. Charles Lamb loved to saunter down Wardour Street, picking up books at the second-hand stalls; while Hazlitt, who died in Frith Street, "had scarcely a book in his house or even a print." After a long discursion on the Opera and the Ballet, and a passing glance at the wonderful performances of Maddox the wire-dancer at the Haymarket—the Blondin and Leotard of the hour—who made £11,000 in a single season, we are transported to the Haymarket and regaled with a few remarks on the subject of public executions. Addison wrote his poem of the "Campaign" in a garret in that very unpoetical thoroughfare; and no sooner have we received the intelligence than we are whisked back to an interview with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in Arlington Street, who gives a not over-decent account of some details of a London fire; and then make our bow to Horace Walpole, a few doors off,



whose letters have not only been "Grahamized," but the locks torn off every drawer and cabinet in a search by some political emissaries for his correspondence with a French minister. St. James's Street suggests the subject of clubs, and first on the rôle appear those, happily now things of the past, the gambling-houses which bore that name, of which even Wilberforce, in his early days, was a member. At No. 76 in this street Gibbon died. In St. James's Place Rogers, Warren Hastings, Grattan, Wilkes, and Addison, have lived; in Cleveland Row Selwyn, and in Bury Street Steele, then a happy Benedict. Shenstone lodged in Jernyn Street, and the Wedgwoods established their manufactory of Etruscan ware in York Street. "In St. James Square lived Lord Bathurst, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Ellenborough, Bishop Lowth, Nell Gwyn, and Francis," and, we may add, Mrs. Boehm, a well known name in the time of the Regency; a wag suggested that, as no modern Mr. Boehm had ever been seen or heard of, the lady's husband, if she had one, must have been no other than Jeroboam himself. Johnson and Savage once squared the circle here by walking round and round during an entire night for want of a lodging. In Marlborough House the famous Duchess, "Brimstone Bess," resided, and Walpole, out of spite, provokingly bought the house in front of it, so that the lady could not make a road-way from the courtyard into the street. The Duke of Schomberg, Cosway, Gainsborough, Bubb Doddington, and Sydenham, were denizens of Pall Mall, and in Suffolk Street Swift made love to poor "Vanessa." We are favoured with some observations on the music of the Jewish Synagogue in St. Alban's Place, the poverty of London street-architecture, a sneer or two at conservatism, and some lengthy digressions equally irrelevant, and we find ourselves at "the conclusion."

The subject which has been—perhaps on purpose—imperfectly treated, admits of infinite expansion, and the author has, like a practised *littérateur*, selected many of the most amusing and popular topics, but, we cannot help observing it, has omitted better anecdotes and incidents which Mr. Smith, from whose pages he owns that he was a borrower, amply supplies. Were we discussing the merits of a living author we should feel compelled to employ far different language; as it is, we can only say that the volume is one through which a reader desirous of spending no more than half an hour on a book, will find himself agreeably carried on from the first to the last page of *The Saunter* by its cheerful tone and entertaining gossip. It is rather a luxurious than a necessary addition to a library; but it will be welcome to a wide circle of readers who can indulge in such luxuries, and have time to spare for such amusements.

#### JAPAN, THE AMOOR, AND THE PACIFIC.\*

NEARLY three years ago, Mr. Tilley received an unexpected offer, such as falls to few men in a lifetime, and still fewer would be able to accept. Imagine a pleasure voyage round the world, in a Russian man-of-war; imagine two years of happy dreamy indolence, or rather of active enjoyment and sight-seeing, amid strange people and scenes; read Mr. Tilley's curious and clever description of them; and then say, reader, whether you are not disposed to envy the man who was free, at a few hours' warning,

to start upon such an expedition. If, after all, we are mistaken, and Mr. Tilley accompanied the small squadron in an official capacity, he has carefully kept the fact concealed: neither have we any intimation of the object of the voyage. We are not curious to inquire about either point. Let it suffice that Mr. Tilley has given us a lively and agreeable volume of travels, full of graphic descriptions and interesting details—a volume which, if it does not betray any of those higher qualifications and faculties which impart a literary interest to the traveller's story, merits at least the praise of being eminently readable and amusing. Mr. Tilley is essentially an agreeable writer: without imagination, without originality of thought, he possesses the power (no trifling one, truly!) of describing clearly what he enjoyed and observed. We do not care much for his opinions on important topics; but he has a genial way of narrating what he did and what he saw. When, for instance, he states that the only advantage afforded us by our treaty with Japan is the opening of new ports where we may victual our ships, and when he discusses in his off-hand manner the probable success or non-success of Christian missions, we are compelled to think that his knowledge is superficial, and that his judgment is unsound. But if, instead of troubling ourselves about Mr. Tilley's opinions, some of which may probably be charged to the society in which he was placed, we take up the volume in order to gain information on the life and manners he met with on his travels, we shall not be disappointed.

By far the most interesting portion of the book is that which relates to Japan. In that strange country Mr. Tilley spent some months; and as everything was new and curious to him, his narrative is full of freshness and flavour. In some places, indeed, it almost trembles on the verge of propriety. "The naked modesty of Japan" has a charm for him, and his sketches of Japanese damsels, in their innocence and undress, are written *con amore*. Yet Japan has long since passed its golden age of purity; and though men, women, and children may be seen "standing by dozens washing themselves with as much unconcern as though they were drinking tea," Mr. Tilley's own statements fully bear out the assertion of the Bishop of Victoria, that the Japanese are the most licentious people in the world. An organized system of prostitution is current in Japan; and the tea-houses, which are the inns and hotels of the country, are the allowed haunts of pretty and abandoned women. Yet Mr. Tilley says truly, that it would be unjust to judge them by the same measure and standard as the fallen ones of European lands:—

"Received when children of tender age into these houses, they are carefully and even kindly brought up; care is bestowed on their education; they are taught to sing, to play the mandoline, to embroider, and so forth: but their fate must be accomplished. Arrived at a nubile age, and often before, they are given over to some satyr of a Japanese, and thenceforth they form part of the establishment. Often they may be seen, dressed out in their best, in scarlet and gold embroidery, their beautiful black hair decorated with flowers, toddling with their shuffling gait to the house of some official, to whom they have been ordered beforehand, to join the revel and its licentious sequel. When their time of service is accomplished they are free. Many are fortunate enough to be chosen as wives by Japanese during their stay in the establishment; but for the most part, these victims of depravity become old while still young in years, and enter into the order of female religious mendicants."

Mr. Tilley does not omit to add, that his friends and companions took almost exclusive possession of one of these houses, and that

several mornings were passed "in photographing Japanese of both sexes decked out in full costume, dancing and singing girls, with now and then some curious beauty from the neighbourhood." Mr. Du Chailu tells us in his amusing volume of an African chief who wears a silk hat on his head in token of royalty: it would not perhaps be amiss if the same limitation were imposed in this country. In Japan it is a sign of a certain rank to wear trousers, and no one below the fifth class, which comprises certain officials, medical men, and literati, are permitted on any account to put them on. Every act, every ceremony in Japan is minutely regulated by law. The people are kindly assisted in marrying, in increasing the population of the country, and in dying; and, strange to say, with all their intelligence and intellectual vigour, they are perfectly willing to submit to an interference which to us would be absolutely intolerable.

"The policy which has ruled this nation," says Mr. Tilley, "surpasses all that Machiavelli, Metternich, or Talleyrand ever dreamed of: Fouché would have been a demigod, could he have had such a police and such spies." Justice is prompt and without mercy; and if any distinguished official commits a political offence, he is expected to execute the law with his own hands. "A small sword presented to him, generally by the officer who is to replace him, is the signal that he has succumbed to intrigues, to disfavour, or to fate; he draws the sabre across his body, often cross-wise, and some faithful friend or hired attendant finishes the work which a too timid hand may have failed effectually to perform." Truly does Mr. Tilley say, that Japanese statesmen must have a hard life of it.

"With the best intentions, perhaps, they have to cede to the force of circumstances and the power of the stranger from without, to combat the opposition of a powerful anti-progressive and anti-reform party within, and run the risk of meeting destruction whichever way they act. Both are most hard alternatives; and a Japanese statesman must have an extraordinary quantity and quality of the duplicity which is characteristic of his race and profession if he can steer clear and turn to his profit the difficulties which attend all diplomacy with the foreigners. If he refuse to grant their demands, he knows not how soon their cannon may be thundering around the shores of his country; if he grant too freely, or grant at all, he is never certain of the day when a small sword, presented to him with the greatest respect, is to be the symbol of his downfall, and the signal that he must use it on his own person, to save his family from being involved in the same disgrace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that procrastination and all sorts of excuses should attend the making of a treaty, and that all sorts of difficulties and falsehoods should be made use of afterwards to nullify it."

That the spirit of the Japanese is not broken by the despotism under which they live, is proved by their light-hearted mirthfulness of character, by their eagerness to acquire knowledge, and by their commercial enterprise. The bonzes are the chief instructors of the people. Every one is able to read and write, and the author observes that in Japan literature is as common and books as widely circulated as in Germany, while at the same time they are much cheaper. "Thousands of illustrated novels are printed every year; and, to judge from the pictures with which they are profusely illustrated, they contain much the same ingredients as our own—love, murder, adultery, suicide, intrigue, heroism, and folly." In their artistic craft the natives of Japan are more advanced than the Chinese, whom they excel at the same time in mental power and physical development. The Ja-

\* *Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific; &c.* By Henry Arthur Tilley. 10s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

panese cutlery and swords cannot be surpassed in any country in Europe. Great skill is shown, too, in the working up of metals one with another into ornaments; and "in everything which leaves the hands of a Japan artisan, there is a neatness and elegance which show at once the taste, patience, and skill of the people." Mr. Tilley has noted down some inventions and articles in ordinary use among the Japanese, and certain peculiarities in the natural history of the country, which, as far as we know, have escaped the observation of former travellers. Here, for instance, is a description of a pillow:—

"The most curious article of bed furniture is the pillow. In the Malay Archipelago, a hollow bamboo-platted pillow is used; in China a roll of stuff encased in a lacquered cloth, and painted with different devices, is the mode; but in Japan the pillow is a pretty little lacquered box, with drawers, in which the ladies keep their paper, hair-arrows, &c. The top of this box is concave, and a little cushion, in shape and size like a sausage, is wrapped in clean paper, and placed in the hollow for the back of the head to rest upon. The Japanese always sleep on their backs; and as only a small portion of their head touches the pillow, their elaborate coiffure does not become disordered during the night's slumbers. Their sleep, however, is only for short periods, as it is the custom to eat in the night from a tray placed by the bedside, or to take a few whiffs from the pipe; the tobacco-box containing live embers, and other conveniences for smoking, being always within hand's reach."

The coiffure to which the author alludes is described in another place. The women bind up their black and rather coarse hair into thick masses at the back of the head, and a number of little arrows, made of gold, silver, or ivory, are passed through it. The hair is then plastered with wax, and remains untouched for several days. The naturalist may possibly be able to explain the reason why the cows in Japan will not produce milk except for their calves. Mr. Tilley states, that he was assured by several Europeans, who tried to form a dairy, "that they found it impossible to obtain milk from the animal under any circumstances." As a strange contradiction in the habits of the people, it deserves to be noted, that while they are scrupulously clean within doors, and rival the Dutch in the purity and freshness of their houses, they will allow any amount of filth to accumulate on the outside; and even the dwellings of the noblemen are frequently surrounded by ditches, "filled with black filth from the houses, and giving out an intolerable stench in warm weather." The following account of a morning's shopping in Yeddo is highly graphic and characteristic:—

"We rode too fast to permit of a crowd thronging us; nevertheless our presence caused an unusual excitement. The shop doors were crowded, grave two-sworders stopped and even turned round to gaze after us; a few old women hobbled away slightly alarmed, and many young ones looked on with curious eyes. But on our dismounting and entering a shop, a crowd of some hundreds immediately collected round the door, and as there were none of the officials present whose ostensible duty it was to protect us, it became at last very disagreeable. The shopkeeper, on one occasion, made a barrier of rope around his house to keep off the multitude; on another, at a china shop, the master sent two of his men to take our horses and clear the crowd with their heels, which was done quite efficiently. But at last a band of 'gamins,' like mischievous little imps as they are in all countries, began to hoot and cry, and throw little pieces of mud at us. The gesticulations of the shopmen were in vain; the fun seemed to spread from the boys to the grown-up people; there was nobody near of sufficient rank to influence the people, and we began to be threatened with serious annoyance. But a little champion soon rescued us. This was a little fellow about fourteen

years old; but his two swords, one of which was almost as big as himself, and his silk and crape dress, must have informed the mob of his rank; for when he took up a stick and laid it about the persons in the foreground, the whole mass fell back without a murmur. They were as submissive to that two-sworded child, as a flock of sheep to a shepherd. He followed us into one or two other shops, and protected us from any further annoyance. In most of the shops we were taken up into an upper chamber, and after some fruit, tea, and sweetmeats were set before us, and we were fanned cool by attendant boys and maidens, we proceeded to view the wares. Anything purchased was sent after us to the temple, and in every transaction there always seemed to be some combination between the merchant and an officer who made his appearance at the moment."

Another somewhat similar description is too good to be omitted:—

"Although the temple was every day crowded with merchants who brought beautiful specimens of their wares, in lacquer, china, or tapestry, to sell at extravagant prices, I always preferred a stroll into the city, and a visit to the shops, not always to purchase, but, after the manner of idle people in all civilized lands, to look and admire. The Japanese shopmen seem so accustomed to that practice, that, like our Londoners, 'it don't at all matter' with them whether you buy or not. As yet that feeling is genuine enough in Yeddo. They will set their little ones to fan you as you sprawl on the mat of their warehouse, themselves will present you tea, sugared water, melons, and slices of their tasteless pears floating in a bowl of water, and all for the mere pleasure of admiring you, or criticizing you at their leisure. To examine your buttons or your watch, the cloth of your dress or your heeled boots, the shortness of your hair or the length of your beard, was a much greater treat to them than offering their wares for sale. How much did I desire to know their opinion of such a costume—to know whether, when any novelty struck their fancy, it was in praise or in railery they begged the observation of their neighbour! On one occasion I could not misunderstand the opinion of the people on European costume; this was on coming on shore for some official visit in a tail coat and a hat, a small curly-brimmed specimen of London industry, which would have been fashionable in the Botanic Garden on Wednesday, or in Kensington, but was greeted with loud laughs of derision and pointed fingers in the capital of Japan. I could imagine those sensible people asking one another, if that black-looking apparatus was to guard the head and shade the eyes, or if it was a mark of high rank in the wearer. The Japanese seldom wear any covering on the head, with the exception of the military; a fan held over the head, or a paper umbrella, serves to protect it from the rays of the sun."

We have only lightly glanced at a small portion of Mr. Tilley's volume; but as the book is one which deserves and is likely to gain a wide circle of readers, any further criticism of it is unnecessary. The style of the volume is lively, and Mr. Tilley's descriptions are always readable, and often amusing. It would be scarcely possible to spend a few hours more pleasantly than in reading this record of his travels.

#### HOMELESS.\*

THAT "the brave Danes are the brothers of Englishmen" was something more than a mere rhetorical flourish in Nelson's celebrated dispatch. Denmark and all that relates to it supply topics of never-failing interest to most English readers. The admixture of Danish blood, which those grand old pirates poured into this nation, may doubtless supply the primary reason for this feeling. Then the alliances of the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries formed links which even the hostilities of fifty years ago have not sufficed wholly to snap. An accomplished Northern antiquary has dwelt with proud satisfaction on the sympathy which all classes of Englishmen felt for Denmark in the war of 1818-9; and the rage which, a few years ago, prevailed for the writings of Hans Christian Andersen, showed that Danish literature possessed peculiar attractions for an English public.

It was, therefore, with some pleasant expectations that we opened the volumes before us. We looked for something fresh, genial, and amusing; but the most violently favourable predilections must have given way before the perusal of *Homeless*. One praise we can safely award it—it is much longer than three-volume novels in general, and any page of it seems in reading six times as long as the same quantity of matter in anything else we ever read, *Blue-books* and *Temperance tracts* included. But though we must thus allow it to be very "filling," we must state also that it is singularly meaningless, terribly uninteresting, and desperately dull.

Every one remembers that great point of poor Albert Smith's in reference to the ubiquitous engineer with the everlasting grievance—"He told me the longest, the prostiest, the stupidest story I ever heard in my life, and now I'm going to tell it to you." Perhaps our readers are by this time afraid we are going to act on such a precedent, and, having been at the pains of perusing Mr. Goldschmidt's novel, to inflict the concentrated essence on them,—*eo crudelius quia toleraveramus*. But no: we will be merciful enough to take some detached portions of the narrative, which, it is just to observe, possesses the great advantage of being equally intelligible in whatever place you begin, and in whichever direction you read. There exist, perhaps, some who may care to unravel it for themselves; for have not all of us known the class of readers who like what they don't understand? After the first freshness of faith in romance is shaken, and bandits and brigands and chivalry and the middle ages cease to excite the old enthusiasm, then do ardent youth and glowing maid seriously incline to books written "with a purpose," in which everybody has an intensely unpleasant crotchet called "a mission," and in which all the adjectives are spelt with capital letters. The tendency frequently manifests itself in undergraduates who have just had time not to pass "smalls," and in young ladies towards the close of a second and unproductive season. The attack, however, is seldom of long duration, and by the time they have arrived, respectively, at the first brief or the first baby, they care as little for the Beautiful and the True as they do for the sea-serpent or the Man in the Moon. Yet to any whom the fit may now be on, who want a book, in reading which they desire to feel a proud superiority over prosaic uncles and soulless brothers, we confidently recommend *Homeless*.

But how are we to give to the wicked world, which reads only for its own interest and entertainment, any notion of this book? There is a hero, that is to say a character, whose name occurs very often, and who once pulls a lady out of the water. His name is Otto Kroyer, and his sayings and doings fill the volumes before us. He does very little, and that little is of the most harmless character; but he has an alarming propensity for holding forth on any subject or no subject at all. If he would ever do a foolish thing or ever say a wise one, we should be much more disposed to tolerate him. We are sorry to confess that twice, when this very decorous young man was

\* *Homeless; or, A Poet's Inner Life*. By M. Goldschmidt. Author of *Jacob Bendtsen*. Three Vols. 3ls. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)



exposed to temptation, we caught ourselves feeling anxious for a little impropriety to break the stagnation of the book. One of these occasions however suggests so attainable a remedy against evil, that we must present it to our readers. Otto was in lodgings in Copenhagen, and in rather low spirits; his hostess came in, spoke very civilly, passed her hand across his forehead, smiled, and went out. Otto—naughty boy—noticed that the hostess had blue eyes, which however seems to have led him to do nothing worse than walk about Copenhagen in a highly inflammable state; finally, he called at a house where there was a baby (we have occasionally done the same thing ourselves, but never appreciated the advantages sufficiently to lengthen our visit), and requested—after all, he must have been something out of the common—permission to nurse it. The baby did not begin to cry, but Otto did; after which he felt his bad angel fly away, and went home very cool and comfortable. What a deal of trouble poor St. Anthony might have saved if he had only furnished his cell with a pair of tame twins!

All the loves of this sage are of a piece. We are introduced to him at the outset with a little girl who is dividing an apple among her playmates, and on whom he continues to be at intervals very—we must use the only suitable word—spooney. She marries, however, about the middle of the book; and though he is terribly excited at one period of their subsequent acquaintance, there seems every reason to hope that she,—

"Like a well-conducted woman,  
Went on cutting bread and butter,"

or rather apples, with the same respectability which distinguishes her throughout the work.

Once our friend Otto becomes regularly engaged, but he very soon breaks off the engagement, and then immediately renews it in a clandestine shape. After some time, and a good deal of osculation, Otto finds out that "the ideal in him has become stronger than nature," and throws poor Pauline over in a manner which seems to us despicably shabby. And this is but a specimen of the way in which he is always getting in and out of love with no reason and no excuse.

On the religious element of the book we are, for obvious reasons, unwilling to enter; but we cannot forbear remarking on its very strange jumble of Judaism and Christianity, represented by a Jew who says that Moses was the word, but Christ the deed; and by a monk of Jewish origin, who is shot in a tumult at Rome, after he has broken a crucifix and uttered a malediction on the race of Japhet. Altogether, this part of the book reminds us—to use a simile which Sheridan employs for one of his own characters—of "the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments."

Here and there we catch a glimpse of materials for an amusing volume in sketches of Danish customs and of Hebrew traditions. Not to part from Mr. Goldschmidt's bad friends, we end by an extract which we think will possess some interest:—

"Look! through the gates of the town enters a long procession, loudly announcing that spring is bringing us the Danish summer. They are 'riding summer into town.'"

"According to the old custom, towards the month of May the sons of the neighbouring peasants bring their hats to the shopkeepers' wives, who, if they would not risk losing their customers, are obliged to decorate the hats with ribbons of divers colours, as also with strips of tinsel, to which are added, as a loan, such gold and silver chains as they may possess.

\* "The custom designated by this name, and described in the text, has prevailed in Denmark since the middle ages."

These flaunting, glittering hats constitute a somewhat barbarous, but very showy head-gear, and are worn by the young men on Easter or Whitsunday, when, with green branches in their hands, and preceded by music, they enter the town on horseback, in long procession, and alight at the shop-doors. In the 'company-room' is a well-decked table, prepared for the guests; and after breakfast the music strikes up, and the dance begins. The leader, or 'skaffer,' as he is called, asks the mistress of the house to dance, and she 'returns him his dance'; and next every female, down to the humblest maid-servant and the youngest child in the house, accepts and 'returns' a dance. This done, the young men mount their horses again; and the procession being drawn up in a sort of military order before the street-door, the 'skaffer' proceeds with loud voice to invite the family to an entertainment at his house, which invitation his assistant, or 'medskaffer,' amplifies as follows:—"Those who would sit comfortably, let them bring cushions with them; those who would eat comfortably, let them bring knife and fork"—spoken in a traditional, droning tone, while he twirls his hat in his hands. When the speech is delivered, the hat is held out, and the host deposits in it silver coins and eggs.

"At the peasants' return entertainment the guests are treated with the greatest hospitality. As soon as they arrive, they are seated at table and regaled with soup, stock-fish, brandy, bread, and butter. Successively as each wagon brings new guests, these are treated in like manner, the table being constantly covered with fresh dishes. The dancing goes on in the thrashing barn, which is hung with white sheets, and ornamented with green boughs. The young men dance with their hats on, the ribbons flying and the charms tinkling."

#### THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. WALCOTT, already well known by his full and careful works on English Cathedrals and Episcopates, and latterly his Guide to the South Coast of England, has now taken the East Coast by the hand, and presented it, a blushing *débutante*, to the notice of tourists.

England, our own dear

"Little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,"

has hitherto, as satirists have long since shown, been far too much neglected by English travellers. When the Peace first threw open the Continent, our people naturally rushed into the Eden so long walled in by French soldiers. There was a necessary reaction after long fasting: our travellers took a meal so hearty that it could not fail in time to satiate them. That time has now begun to come. But we must not forget that before the Peace our poets and novelists had rendered the English lakes and the Scotch mountains objects of eternal interest to us, and had raised them to a condition fit to compete with even Como or the Alps, by reviving local legends, and (as in Scott's case) by making the Highlands the scene of admirable novels and stirring and picturesque poems.

The day has gone by for local guide-books—the work generally of some ambitious country-town stationer, dry as a stale biscuit, and tawdry in style as the dirty tinsel of a country-fair empress; stuffed with trite and ill-selected verses; full of loathsome adulation of the resident rich people; careless, ignorant, slatternly, intolerable compilations, ill-compiled and badly printed. It is not such barber's-table rubbish that we want; but books like the present—the calm result of the patient toil of a student and

\* *The East Coast of England, from the Thames to the Tweed: Descriptive of Natural Scenery, Historical, Archaeological, and Legendary.* By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A. (Stanford.)

a gentleman; a man fond of legends and not indifferent to science; an adept in ecclesiastical architecture, well read in history, a botanist, a geologist, a man up to the times, and making every effort to obtain the latest information of local changes and local needs of change.

Our publishers (by no means an unwary class) are evidently alive to the necessities of good, sound guide-books for home-tourists. Mr. Walter White's works, though often dull and prosaic, secure purchasers. Mr. Murray is now issuing a home series of red-books, frequently very incomplete and superficial, but still better than none; and now Mr. Walcott steps into the gap, and brings his research and industry to remedy the same want. Thanks to the equalizing effect of railways, the pleasures of travelling are no longer confined to those who have been long rich, or to those families who are only newly rich. County-books are bought now by more than the two or three squires whose houses are engraved in them.

It need no longer be made a reproach against us that we visit other countries and remain ignorant of our own. We do not infer that the Continent does not present much that England cannot furnish; but we do say, that cheaply, and without discomfort, a man may see very much in our own country that will make him a wiser, a more tolerant, and a more enlightened citizen.

Mr. Walcott is evidently conscious that the best guide-book can be but a clue, or a key, to the traveller. It may enable him to ask questions, and even suggest the questions he should ask; it may give him a few distances and two or three historical dates; but it cannot supersede the necessity of personal inquiry or of previous reading. Except to the mere empty-headed loungeur a guide-book can be but a staff, and should never be a crutch. It is a mouthful, but not a bellyful; and all this our author confesses in the motto from Bacon he has selected for his title-page:—"If you would have a man to put his travel into a little room, and in a short time to gather much, let him carry with him some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry."

The home traveller has much to console him for the lowliness of his ambition. He knows that he is spreading money among his own countrymen, and if he is aggrieved he knows where and how to get speedy redress. He is within reach of his family, and therefore free from the anxieties of the more daring son of Iapetus, who surveys mankind from Paris to Peru—from Peru "jusqu'à Rome;" he has no concealed dragomans or cheating couriers to watch, undermine, or baffle; he is not under the tyranny of a military police; he has no vexation or torment of handcuuffs, passports, and the vermin of the Douane; he has no sea to rise the gorge at; he can have all the comfort and cleanliness of England around him and about him. No robbers waylay him, no snakes bite him, no tigers crunch him, no scorpions pinch him, no mosquitoes drive him stark, staring mad.

He can traverse eagle-haunted mountains, and read the *Times* on their top; he can visit ruins, and have his ham sandwich where abbots once dined, and yet not be ten hours' distance from 'Change, the Row, Rotten or Paternoster,—the club, the shop, the drill-ground, the desk, or the library. The young man can travel over England, to plan where to fix his tent; the old man, to learn to prize home more by contrast; the epicure finds the locale of the wheatears and the salmon; the sportsman seeks the deer; the student the birthplace of Podgers or Rogers; the antiquarian the

cromlech and the abbey; the High-churchman the grave of Beckett; the Low-churchman the birthplace of Wesley; the No-churchman the house of Hume or Gibbon; the geologist, the bone-caves; the historian the battle-fields. For every one on this great table there is a dish, and at the head of it, to deftly carve, sits Mr. Walcott.

In his intense desire to give facts, the author is occasionally a little heavy for the intellectually dyspeptic reader. Surely there is no village in England that cannot boast more history than that "its church is perpendicular, and at the head of it, to deftly carve, sits Mr. Walcott."

In one point Mr. Walcott is most praiseworthy, and that is, his desire to preserve local legends. These traditions of fossilized crime or superstition are of great value as the drift of history, of mythology, and of ethnological changes; a good collection of them would, we are sure, prove that the English are not so destitute of individuality and invention as they are generally supposed to be. Take a few instances. At the old Roman station of Caistor, where St. John Fastolfe built a castle—

"The peasants believe that at midnight yearly a dark coach, drawn up by headless horses, rolls into the dark courtyard, and carries away some unearthly passengers; a superstition like that of the black headless dog of Mundesley, which scares travellers by night on the lonely coast-side."

Surely this is weird enough for the most German imagination. Look again at Shipsea, where four holes, the size of a man's foot, are shown, supposed to be the footprints of two unnatural brothers, who, in the Civil Wars, slew each other in mortal combat. Or take Walton: in the old rectory, once an abbey, there is

"A winding stair communication with the river-like moat from the wainscot chamber, still haunted by a pale lady bearing a little child. In it the wife of a Cavalier took refuge with her infant, and some of the brutal Roundheads stole up the stair and slew both her and the infant for the sake of her gold and jewels."

The North of England again teems with legends full of a wild Norse element. Mr. Walcott says:—

"Some old legends hang about Yorkshire which may be noticed here. How under the crypt of Richmond Castle lie sleeping King Arthur and his paladins of the Round Table; and one Potter Thompson was led here by a mysterious guide, who set in his hands a horn and sword; how the potter half drew the blade and the dead rustled in their armour, and moved half awakened from their sleep, so terribly that the man let the sword slip back, and a strong wind swept him out, and a bitter cry sounded in his ears—

"If thou hadst either drawn  
That sword or wound that horn,  
Thou hadst been the luckiest man  
That ever yet was born."

Then there is the story of the giant who swore he would carry his chest of gold over Addleborough spite of God or man, and the coffer fell from his shoulders, and Stainrag rose up and covered it, till some fortunate shall see a face with the form of a hen and an ape, and without speaking, shall draw out the treasure. Again, underneath by the lake side in Ragdale lie the stones with which the demon and the giant fought a duel. That lake rolls over a buried city. Years ago, when saints visited the earth, an old man went from house to house through its streets, and in vain begged a morsel of bread, and he only found shelter in a cottage outside the inhospitable walls. At morning he went forth and pronounced the doom,—

"Seamer water rise, Seamer water sink,  
Swallow all the town,  
Save the little house  
Where they gave me bread and drink."

This legend somewhat resembles one of the Norske, where Gertrude refuses to feed S. Peter, though he miraculously multiplies her store, and she is con-

demned to find her food between bole and bark, and only drink when the rain falls, in the shape of the woodpecker."

Would one not think it was some wild region of the Tyrol, instead of homely England, when people on Mulgrave Castle show you where Jeanie the Fairy, enraged at being summoned by a farmer, pursued him, and as he leapt his horse across a running brook cut the steed in two with the blow of a rush; or at Lofthouse, where the sexton shows you the place where the knight is buried who slew the serpent of Scaw Wood and rescued the earl's daughter?

Mr. Walcott deserves great credit for his useful and patriotic little book—for his alphabetical index—for his geographical gossiping—his tabulated itinerary and tables of routes for travellers. His botany, geology, and archaeology are full; but perhaps his art references are rather too scanty, and his ecclesiology somewhat too copious for ordinary tastes. There is an excellent air of sober sense over the whole, but for the occasionally trite scraps of guide-book verse. Mr. Walcott sometimes, we notice, imparts too much knowledge to his readers, and does not sufficiently explain the character and deeds of the persons he names; as, for instance, where he talks of Cedmon, the Saxon poet, whom not one reader in ten would ever have heard of. There should be no antecedent knowledge taken for granted in books that are to become popular, as, we are sure, Mr. Walcott will observe; and, in conclusion, we beg to observe it would be a great improvement if each page was headed with the county and places it referred to.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Beyond the Orange River; or, Scenes in Southern Africa.* By the Author of *The Last Earl of Desmond*. (Newby.) On analysing our thoughts, after having, with much pain and travail, reached page 311 and last of this attractively-bound volume, we arrive at only one possible conclusion: viz. that it is a most overwhelmingly extraordinary production. It is extraordinary from its utter inanity, its wearisome monotony, and the absence of any pretensions to either instruction or amusement. Its only redeeming feature is the ridiculous absurdity of the author's dedication, which (why or wherefore, Heaven and the genius who penned it only knows!) is addressed to the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, M.P. The writer is unmistakably of Irish extraction; and, judging from the choice collection of classical quotations interspersed throughout the volume—"Homo sum, nihil humanum, &c.; "Tityre, tu patula, &c.; "Divide et impera" (sic); "Statio bene fida carinis" (the motto, by the bye, of Cork Harbour); "De gustibus," &c. &c.—belongs to the gentler sex—an assumption not materially weakened by the introduction of a somewhat indelicate episode in the last chapter. Passing over the dedicatory preface, which is a kind of soliloquizing dialogue between the Premier and the author—the latter having clearly the best of it both in compliments and argument—we come to Chapter I. of the story, entitled "Aboard." Here we are forthwith introduced to the principal *dramatis personæ*, assembled on board the good ship "Indian Empire," bound for India, *via* the Cape. They include the Bishop of Cape Town; his fair daughter, the Lady Mary Howard, who divides the post of honour as heroine with a sable young lady, rejoicing in the name of "Wildflower"; Major Temple, alluded to in the dedication as "perhaps a member of your Lordship's family, for he is an Irishman;" the Bishop's Chaplain, a Mr. Edward Stanley, who does nothing and is nothing; Murphy, the Major's factotum, the concrete embodiment of everything that is faithful, absurd, humorous, stupid, and Irish; and a few stage supernumeraries. Now that we have catalogued the characters—we omitted, by the way, to

mention Wildflower and her Hottentot admirer, Waterboer, who came into the narrative somehow or other, we do not at this moment exactly recollect how—we are altogether at a loss what to make of them; for assuredly they talk and act as never mortal men and women ever talked or acted before or since. After, however, having landed them at their respective destinations, we will, with the author, lose sight of them for a period of three years; at the expiration of which term they are restored to us in some unexplored region of Southern Africa, where, by some curious but unexplained coincidence, they have all contrived to assemble, with the exception of Lady Mary and the handsome curate, who are supposed to be quietly flirting at home in the Bishop's palace at Cape Town, to the unmeasured disgust of the gallant Major, a somewhat heterogeneous compound of Gordon Cumming, a green-room lover, Dr. Livingstone, and a wild Irishman. The Bishop, for some mysterious reason—mysterious to us, but probably the author knows more of the habits of the colonial episcopacy than we do—assumes the name of Dr. Bruce, and joins the Major in his pursuits of lion slaying, elephant hunting, deer stalking, and other enterprising avocations; all of which are supposed to bear immediately on the object of their journey, viz., the recovery of Wildflower from the clutches of a Portuguese slave-dealer of the name of José Silva. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we will anticipate matters and inform him that the difficulties of the journey, including many elaborate metaphysical and theological disquisitions, are finally overcome; poetical justice is satisfied by the knocking on the head of Mr. Silva and a Hottentot chief or two; the swarthy Phyllis is restored to the arms of her heart-broken swain, and the amorous Major is made happy by the paternal blessing and the consoling assurance that the handsome chaplain has been all the while busy making love to his charmer's younger sister. Even the now happy Major's *factotum*, Murphy, is not forgotten in the general distribution of matrimonial bliss, but he also lives to return to the embraces of his innamorata at Cork; where, by the way, the little episode of questionable delicacy, above alluded to, takes place.

We would not have our readers imagine the above to be a burlesque of the volume before us; on the contrary, it is a fair and conscientious *précis*, as far as our memory serves us, of the whole of the incidents therein detailed. If we have inadvertently omitted anything, it is certainly not to the author's disadvantage. The most reprehensible feature in *Beyond the Orange River* is the wholesale appropriation from Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, in many instances without a word of acknowledgment. We may especially instance pages 61-67, where our friend the Bishop, with most unepiscopal impudence, coolly appropriates one of Dr. Livingstone's adventures with a lion, and tells it as having occurred to himself, without even so much as a hint at the original source.

We confess, however, that we are not disposed to quarrel with the author's plagiarisms, since the more he quotes from others the less we have of his own. On this ground we will spare our readers the pain of any extracts from *Beyond the Orange River*.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton; with a Memoir, and Critical Remarks on his Genius and Writings.* By James Montgomery. Vol. II. 5s. (H. G. Bohn.) The satisfaction that we experience at Mr. Bohn's cheap reprints, is frequently marred by a sense that a scheme commenced on a scale of great magnitude and giving promise of desirable completeness, is brought to an unworthy and slovenly termination. It is so with this, in many respects, excellent edition of Milton. The first volume contains the "Paradise Lost," illustrated with pleasing engravings, and with the addition of a selection from the valuable explanatory notes of Newton, Todd, and the other commentators. The second volume, however, though containing the verbal index of Todd, which we are glad to see reprinted, is without notes; though the notes on the minor poems were of even more interest than those on the "Paradise Lost." First of all, there is the glorious edition by Warton, which is a perfect treasure-house of criticism of the most elegant, poetical, and erudite kind; and



from subsequent editions much might have been taken with advantage, including the pleasing observations on the Fairies by Allan Cunningham, printed in Sir Egerton Brydges' edition. The book contains, however, much that is valuable that is not easily to be met with in editions of Milton; and we welcome it, while we regret its imperfections and shortcomings.

## NEW NOVEL.

*Living and Being Loved.* By Annette Marie Maillard. 21s. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) "From time immemorial women have possessed greater moral courage than men; the finer sentiment is more fully developed." Without assenting positively to this generalization of our author's, we can at least endorse it as far as we can regard it as a deduction from her self-knowledge. We may doubt whether it was a fine sentiment which induced the working up of the incidents of this marvellous tale, but certainly no man could have been found possessed of sufficient moral courage to lay it before the world. It has often been a matter of wonder to us how women come to know so much more about the ways and habits of the other sex than man himself does. Perhaps this knowledge is merely apparent. It may be, they are given to adopting the specimens they know intimately as the types of all, or else are over-prone to believe the little libels which a certain class of men amuse themselves with inventing against their own reputations. But, be this as it may, it was with some surprise that we learned from the volumes before us that officers invariably address both their friends and themselves as "my boy;" that the members of the C— Club spend their afternoons in lolling at the windows and defaming every one who passes; and several other equally interesting pieces of news, to which not only the Tory party, but mankind in general also, might take reasonable exception. The world, too,—by which title is designated that select portion of society which enjoys the best places in it,—is somewhat hardly treated, the finger of scorn being pointed at it because of its want of charity in thinking evil of a retired young officer of large fortune and prepossessing appearance, who has one young lady, who is no relation to him, living alone with him in his town house, and another at his country mansion, while he himself is known to have been found under very suspicious circumstances in the bed-room of a married lady. Certainly, appearances justified the world's comments. The sad seven of Belgravia might reasonably have complained of his conduct, though we who are behind the scenes know that none of the three ladies were addicted to "horse-breaking." Rus Templar (Rus, short for Ahasuerus) shines out a noble, godlike character to us who have travelled with considerable interest through this most travelled plot, but the situations in which we find him and many others are very compromising, doubtful in taste, and wildly improbable. The story is brought down to within a month or two of the present date; and those who were not worked off at the end of the second volume are still, for all we know, enjoying the calm pleasure of *Living and Being Loved*. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and as we cannot say anything good of the only two who rest in their graves, we will but express our hope that Ireland may never give birth again to what is, we feel assured, to her, such a unique specimen of heartless selfishness, as Gabriella Lorn, and that the borough of —n may be speedily disfranchised for returning such a cold-blooded villain as Mr. Kenyard. As for the others, they deserve, after all their trials and troubles, which are more of the author's than their own making, that peace and joy which is conveyed in the words of the delicious title. True, it may slightly disturb the noble captain with the Assyrian name, when he discovers, as doubtless he will in time, that man and wife, divorced under the Act of 1857, cannot marry one another again legally. His only chance will be to induce Sir Cresswell Cresswell to reconsider the decision of the Court given in 1858, for surely that excellent putter-asunder of what God hath joined together was not in his usual senses

when he first pronounced the decree *nisi* on the evidence before him. In referring our readers to the book itself for the action of the story, we would hint that it would much simplify matters if they were to begin at Volume II., chapter 14, whereby many needless speculations as to who's who may be avoided, while the interest of the tale would be rather increased. The light thrown by the latter part on the former really tends to make the whole much more enjoyable. We tried a chapter with effect; and not considering the book worth twice reading through, give the result of our experience. The writing is throughout very fair; not vigorous enough to be read for its own sake, but still seldom weak. Some few passages of sentimentalism may provoke a smile. Those coarse-minded *roués* at the C— may perchance make a jest of the enthusiastic descriptions of innocent first-love, which are as springs in this great wilderness of intrigue, and wonder that the same hand could paint so accurately the emotions of a guileless heart and the interior of an officer's bedroom; but these would be but idle comments, worthy rather of Miss Straggles than of a Conservative and a gentleman. Who is Miss Straggles? Miss Straggles is the farcical character of the book; and were she not so overdrawn, would be a decided hit. She is one of those not uncommon ladies who deceive themselves with the idea that to discover and promulgate the whole truth and nothing but the truth about their friends and neighbours is the first duty of a Christian; and that to bemoan the errors of others publicly, is only due to their position in the so-called religious world. Her charitable anxiety for other people's welfare is made extensive use of in the conduct of the plot. Here is a scene from a ball given at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of a society which has in view the very absurd object of promoting philoprogenitiveness among the Chinese, to which Miss Straggles has come with a religious purpose:—

"There was a mystery about Mrs. Kenyard, which perplexed her. She longed to have a right to place her on her list of *known sinners*.—to pray for her, without appearing impertinent. She struggled through the masses till she discovered her. 'My dear Mrs. Kenyard,' she began, seizing the other's hand, 'I am indeed charmed to see you here to-night, and looking as lovely as if nothing had alarmed you to-day!'

"What alarmed you to-day, my love?" anxiously asked Kenyard.

"A mere trifle; nothing worth notice. Pray don't speak of it." Certainly, she looked pale enough then for any one who loved her to feel anxious and uneasy.

"But I will speak of it," Miss Straggles said, playfully. "for the dear creature is very delicate. Mr. Kenyard, and never thinks enough of herself. Such another impertinent intrusion might have a serious effect."

"Good heavens! you alarm me, madam!" Turning round, and facing his wife, he said—

"Adeline, what was it?"

"Never mind now," she uttered, in a low, trembling tone, "I will tell you when we return."

"Naughty child," cried Miss Straggles, "to conceal your annoyances and insults from so dear a husband as I know yours is. But, there, I always did dislike balconies; and, my dear, but for your balcony, you never would have been insulted as you were; and I am much mistaken if Captain Templar is a man to be so easily beaten."

An excellent mar-plot, but scarcely natural, we think. But whatever be the incongruities of the book, the inconsistencies of character, and the improbabilities of incident, it is not to be despised on the score of entertainment. It is a mere novel, without aim or moral; written evidently to amuse, and so far, has fulfilled its purpose. Before parting with it, we would call the attention of the author to a certain usage which proves what we have hinted before, namely, that she takes one class of society as a type of another. Jones, the retired bottle-maker, is simple "Jones" to the wife of his bosom, whether she addresses him or speaks of him to her friends. But, gentlemen whose position lies between that of shopkeepers and the nobility, are accustomed to hear the polite prefix of "Mr." from their wives' mouth, when they are not spoken of by the more familiar Christian name.

## MAGAZINES.

*The Cornhill.* The July number of this magazine scarcely bears out the reputation of its predecessors. The editorial pen is, of course, a host in

itself, but the misfortune is that the "lesser lights" of the other contributors "pale their ineffectual fires" before the pre-eminent brilliancy of their leader. The story of "Philip" is sustained with marvellous vigour and unflagging interest. Indeed, we shall be much mistaken if it does not eclipse the popularity of all Mr. Thackeray's previous productions. "The Salmon and its Growth" is an able paper, evincing considerable research, and embodying a vast amount of valuable information, though perhaps of a somewhat too special and technical a character to find favour with the generality of magazine readers. "The Wrong Side of the Stuff" has the merit of being—with the exception of the editorial contributions—the only *bond fide* "light article" in the number; for the starched and conventional sentimentalism of "Agnes of Sorrento" has certainly no claim to this designation. "The Study of History," "Middle-Class and Primary Education in England, Past and Present," "Food, What it Does," and the "Prospectus of the International Exhibition," although all excellent in their way, strike us, nevertheless, as savouring too much of "heavy" class of literature, considering the proportion they bear to the remaining contents of the number. The "Roundabout Paper" is, of course, smart, stirring, and cynical, as usual. We must, however, again express our regret that Mr. Thackeray should persist in parading his editorial pique, and fighting out his literary battles, in such an unsuitable arena.

*Blackwood's.* A somewhat heavy number of *Maga*, but nevertheless containing, as usual, matter of sterling value. The opening article is a very able and pleasantly-written critique on Dr. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*. Under the heading of "Judicial Puzzles," we have a detailed account of the celebrated Spenser Cowper Case of 1699, one of the most remarkable episodes in the annals of our criminal jurisprudence. "The Bookhunter Again" is an interesting paper, displaying considerable erudition, but somewhat too lengthy for a magazine article on such a subject. "The Barbarians of Civilization" is, however, decidedly the gem of the number; it is an eminently humorous and original article, fully equal in piquancy and point to the happiest conceptions of *Maga's* palmiest days. The remaining papers, with the exception of the serial "Norman Sinclair," the interest of which is sustained with undiminished vigour, are of a purely political character. We may especially particularize "The Epic of the Budget," and "The Demise of the Indian Army," which are thoroughly in unison with the principles that have ever been so consistently advocated by the great Conservative Monthly. "The Farewell to the Seal," the solitary poetical contribution in the number, is somewhat tame, and decidedly a falling off from the usually high standard of *Blackwood*.

*Macmillan's.* The July number of *Macmillan's* opens with Part I. of an elaborate criticism on Mr. Buckle's second volume, from the pen of the editor. There is an air of doubt and hesitation about this paper that cannot fail to strike the "constant reader" of *Macmillan's* as being altogether foreign to M. David Masson's usually straightforward and trenchant style. He handles Mr. Buckle's doctrines with a caution and circumspection that irresistibly reminds us of the demeanour of a Scotch "colley," who indulges in a brief preparatory sniff at a stranger's legs, before he makes up his mind whether to bark at, bite, or fawn upon him. Mr. Masson evidently regards Mr. Buckle's grand proposition, that "the Scotch unite liberality in politics with illiberality in religion," as an imputation on the national character; but it must be confessed, that his efforts to retute the charge by historical evidence, does more credit to his patriotism than to his logic. On the whole, however, Mr. Masson, albeit unable to resist the temptation of indulging in a sneer at the possibility of a Science of Society, has given us one of the ablest expositions of Mr. Buckle's general views, as any we have met with. "Tom Brown at Oxford," after a monotonous course of twenty-one numbers, has at last come to an end; a consummation, we imagine, that will not be regretted even by the most inveterate disciple of the "Muscular Christian School." "The New Indian Budget: a few Hints as to Men and Things," is a short but able paper, containing

many valuable suggestions in connection with the present important question of our Indian finance. A second dialogue, on "The Boundaries of Science," in which the discussion commenced in a previous number is very ably sustained; "The Oriental Pearl," an interesting article, without much claim to originality; and a further instalment of the serial "Ravenshoe" (another tale of university life!), form the principal features of the number. Mr. Richard Garnett, in some graceful and pleasing stanzas, entitled "The Lost Poetry of Sappho," is the sole representative of the *genus irritabile*.

*Gentleman's Magazine.* Archaeologists who delight in domestic architecture, will be gratified by a peculiarly interesting notice of the Abbot of Westminster's House, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, illustrated by a series of curious notes. A chatty article on the interesting portions of the upper part of Northumberland, a review of a recent volume published by the Surtees Society on the sieges of Pontefract Castle, Mr. Scott's report on the restoration of the Priory Church of Brelon, and obituary notices of Count Cavour, Prince Gortschakoff, Professor Henslow, and Major Nasmyth, make up the more noticeable portions of a very agreeable number.

*Fraser's.* The present number of *Fraser* strikes us as being an exceedingly good one. It commences with a *résumé* of "Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt," written with great clearness and terseness. We are not acquainted with any better review that has appeared of this important work. Mr. Whyte Melvill continues his serial story, "Good for Nothing; or, All Down Hill," in the vein to which we have been so accustomed in his preceding story, not without sameness, yet full of life and reality. The most important paper in the *Magazine* is "The Sphinx; a Discourse on the Impotence of History," with the signature of "Shirley," so well known by the readers of *Fraser*. The writer takes a view which is very despairing for the new science of history. The writer points out the difficulty of ascertaining facts, and then discusses, with much ability, the Interpretation of Facts. Claverhouse and Shelley furnish very opposite but telling illustrations for his remarks. Supposing, which is difficult enough, that we are in full possession of all the necessary facts, it is shown how these facts admit a twofold interpretation. From the same facts we have to decide whether John Grahame "committed murder, or with wisdom, energy, and real mercy vindicated the law which he had been commissioned to vindicate." The writer thinks the latter, and it illustrates the uncertainty of which he speaks, that we ourselves are decidedly of the former opinion. The practical result is, that the author recommends a prudent scepticism, and thinks that history will not become a branch of positive science till the secrets of all hearts are loosed. A very careful and learned paper on "Petrarch and his Times" will probably possess a permanent value. A little poem, "In the West," possesses great simplicity and beauty. "Saint Saturday" is the social article of the number, strongly advocating "public houses, without the beer," for the people on Saturday evenings, the necessity of providing them with intellectual amusement on their leisure evenings. There is a considerable quantity of irrefragable reasoning, but the paper is scarcely likely to come before those whom it is intended to benefit.

*Temple Bar.* Undenially Mr. Sala's is a bad style; everybody says so, and Mr. Sala himself admits it, therefore it must be bad, and we will with no further discussion write it down as such; but those who most bitterly cry out against the faults of style, and who, in addition, say that Mr. Sala's incidents are the most wildly improbable, and we concede that even they have much reason, must admit that he is a powerful, manly writer. We think Mr. Sala's preface to the new volume of *Temple Bar* is a dignified and unboastful assertion of success, in a manly tone often adopted by Mr. Sala, and which never fails to blind us to those faults of which there is so rich a harvest in his writings. We think the "Seven Sons of Mammon," which is very decidedly the best of the novels in *Temple Bar*, is intensifying, and we have little hesitation in declaring our conviction that this will rank as the first of Mr. Sala's productions. "The Burg-Keeper's Secret" is a curious

and rather successful imitation of the old legends of which the haunted castles of the Rhine were so prolific. Mr. Yates's verses entitled "Aged Forty," as a lamentation over departing youth, are both clever and amusing; but we think, to render the allusions quite appropriate, he should have added a few more lustrous to the age of his mourner. It is scarcely within the limits of poetic license to represent the face at forty as a "mass of seams and lines;" still less is it probable that at that age

"The legs so stalwart and so strong,  
Which all unflinching climbed Mont Blanc,  
Scarce crawl up Primrose Hill."

We do not much admire the taste of the articles appearing at present on the old poets, of which the one in the present number is entitled "Holy Mr. Herbert," and is not a little lackadaisical. The novelettes, "Told at Frascati," "In Loco Parentis," and "Spell-Bound," are of the ordinary character of magazine literature, but are all interesting. Upon the whole, we think *Temple Bar* keeps up its reputation satisfactorily.

*St. James's.* The liveliest and most pleasing article in a not over-lively number of the *St. James's Magazine*, is one by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, entitled, "The Plagues of Egypt." It does not consist of a dissertation upon the miracles under the Pharaohs, as might at first be surmised from the title, but of a description of the plagues which still remain to beset the unfortunate traveller who ascends the Nile. The article is amusing enough, though exaggerated. Mr. Fairholt has pleasing powers of description, combined with great facility of execution in drawing: these, taken with an amount of antiquarian information which, though not profound, is far above the rank of mere dilettantism, qualify him eminently for a "keen-eyed traveller." But, unfortunately, Mr. Fairholt's health has been very weak, and in the tour, from the notes of which this article is made up, we think he has overrated the sufferings an Englishman will have to undergo who takes that journey. The principal plagues are dirt, imposition, and vermin, and truly, a man need not go as far as the East to meet with these in plenty; and although they do reign in Egypt, the man in health will, we think, lose sight very frequently of all these grievances in the joy-inspiring sense of freedom and novelty which distant travelling always produces. Miss Pardoe has a pleasant article, "How I took my Baths in Stamboul." In the other articles, we do not know whether the prose or verse is less to our taste.

#### BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

- Agnes Home, second edition, post 8vo, 5s. Simpkin.  
Alnair (G.), Indian Scout, 12mo, 2s. Ward and Lock.  
Ainsworth (W. H.), Constable of the Tower, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Chapman and Hall.  
Another Gospel Examined, Popular Criticism on "Essays and Reviews," 8vo, 3s. 6d. Walker.  
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Cumming (J.), Popular Lectures on "Essays and Reviews," 12mo, 4s. Bentley.  
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John Woodburn, Royal Navy, by Chartley Castle, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Johnston (A. K.), Royal Atlas of Modern Geography, folio, £5. 15s. 6d. Blackwood.  
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Life in the Land of the Fire Worshipers, by Charles De H—, edited by F. Bremer, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Newby.  
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St. James's Magazine, vol. I., 8vo, 5s. 6d. Kent.  
Smith (Goldwin), Lectures on Modern History, 1859-61, 8vo, 5s. J. H. Parker.  
Solly (H.), Doctrine of Atonement of the Son of God, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Whitfield.  
Temple Bar, vol. II., 8vo, 5s. 6d.  
Tracts for Priests and People, No. 5: Langley (Rev. C. K.), Terms of Communion, post 8vo, 1s. Macmillan.  
Virgil's Æneid, by Anthon and Trollope, new edition, 12mo, 5s. Tegg.  
Wright (J.), Popular Introduction to the Bible, second edition, 12mo, 2s. Whitfield.

#### LORD MACAULAY AND THE NONJURING BISHOPS;

WITH SOME LETTERS FROM HIS LORDSHIP.

My object in the ensuing pages is to direct attention to Lord Macaulay's statements relative to the Non-juring Bishops at the period of the Revolution. Had the noble author lived to prosecute his labours, it is probable that his views on the subject would have been somewhat modified by subsequent inquiries; but since death has terminated his career, I venture to submit to the public the letters which I received from him, accompanied with some observations suggested by the inquiry in which I have been engaged.

The correspondence arose out of the following circumstance. In referring to my *History of the Nonjurors*, Lord Macaulay assigned to me the degree of D.D., instead of M.A. I was made acquainted with this circumstance by a paragraph in a newspaper, before I saw the volume. I therefore wrote to the author to ask him to correct the mistake in a new edition. As I then possessed a large collection of books connected with the Nonjurors and their controversies, and, moreover, as many of these works were not to be found in our public libraries, I offered to place the whole at his disposal, should he visit Clifton, as he did in the previous year. To this letter I received the following reply:—

"Albany, London, January 28, 1856.

"Sir,—I will take care that the error which you point out shall be corrected. I am greatly obliged by your courteous offer, and may possibly, at some future time, avail myself of it. I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"T. B. MACAULAY.

"The Rev. T. Lathbury."

On reading the third volume of the *History*, my attention was arrested by the following passage, relative to what is usually called "The Jacobite Liturgy:—

"It was impossible to doubt that a considerable sum had been expended on this work. Ten thousand copies were by various means scattered over the kingdom. No more mendacious, more malignant, or impious lampoon was ever penned. Though the government had as yet treated its enemies with a lenity unprecedented in the history of our country, though not a single person, since the Revolution,



had suffered death for any particular offence, the authors of this Liturgy were not ashamed to pray that God would assuage their enemy's thirst for blood, or would, if any more of them were to be brought through the Red Sea to the Land of Promise, prepare them for the passage. They complained that the Church of England, once the perfection of beauty, had become a scorn and derision, a heap of ruins, a vineyard of wild grapes; that her services had ceased to deserve the name of public worship; that the bread and wine which she dispensed had no longer any sacred virtue; that her priests, in the act of swearing fealty to the usurper, had lost the sacred character which had been conferred on them by their ordination. James was profanely described as the stone which foolish builders had rejected; and a fervent petition was put up that Providence would again make him the head of the corner. The blessings which were called down on the country were of a singular description. There was something very like a prayer for another bloody circuit—"Give the king the necks of his enemies." There was something very like a prayer for a French invasion—"Raise him up friends abroad;" and there was a more mysterious prayer, the best comment on which was afterwards furnished by the assassination plot—"Do some great thing for him, which we in particular know not how to pray for."

It appeared to me that this passage was calculated to produce an erroneous impression on the mind of the public relative to the Nonjuring Bishops and clergy at the period of the Revolution, who quitted their preferments because they could not take the oaths to the new sovereigns. The Bishops were charged with being the authors of the New Liturgy. Lord Macaulay mentions their denial of the charge, but he does not state fully his conviction of their innocence. On the contrary, he adds, "But it soon appeared that one, at least, of the subscribers had added to the crime of betraying his country, the crime of calling upon God to witness a falsehood."† In this passage he alludes to Turner, Bishop of Ely. Whatever may have been the amount of Turner's guilt, it is certain that he was innocent when the vindication of the Bishops was published. He was not guilty of calling upon God to witness a falsehood, when he signed the vindication with his brethren.

Feeling convinced that the preceding statement was calculated to lead persons to form conclusions respecting the Bishops and clergy which are not warranted by the facts of the case, I determined to address the author on the subject. It struck me that there was an impression on the author's mind that the Bishops and other Nonjurors were implicated in the New Liturgy, notwithstanding their strong denial of the charge. I also imagined, from Lord Macaulay's language, that, in his opinion, the Bishops would have been ready to enter into plots against the government, should they be favoured by circumstances. On reading the passages already quoted, I at once perceived that the author was not aware of the sources from which the obnoxious petitions, which he had cited, were derived. He evidently imagined that the New Form was an original production, and that the prayers were then framed by the Nonjurors to suit their peculiar circumstances.

On the contrary, I knew that all the petitions quoted by the author had been used in the time of Charles II., and that they had merely been adopted from existing forms by the framer, or framers, of the New Liturgy. With a knowledge of this fact, and suspecting that Lord Macaulay scarcely believed the Bishops to be innocent of the charge, I wrote to him on the subject. No suspicion seems to have crossed his mind that the prayers, which appeared so obnoxious, had been printed before the year 1690, when the New Liturgy appeared. It was cunningly managed by the compiler of the New Form, for the prayers, which were originally framed to meet the circumstances of Charles II., appeared exactly suited to those of James II.

In my letter I entered into some particulars relative to the New Form. I was anxious to show that the Archbishop and his brethren stated the truth when they so solemnly declared their innocence. I mentioned the fact, that all the expressions which

he had quoted, and which appeared to him so obnoxious, were taken from existing forms. Thus, I wrote, "The prayers in the Form put forth in 1690 were not then published for the first time. During the Protectorate, some of the Episcopal clergy in London used a form in their private meetings. This form was printed in 1659, under this title: 'Prayers of Intercession for those who mourn in secret for the Public Calamities of this Nation.' The passages which you quote were, with one exception, taken from this form. In short, the prayers in the form of 1690 were merely reprinted from the book of 1659. My first impression, on reading your third volume, was to mention the circumstances in some paper; but on second thoughts I considered it better to mention the fact to you. As the circumstance is in favour of the Nonjurors, you may probably think it right to add a note on the subject in your next edition. I have some doubt whether the Jacobite Form, as it is called, was published by the Nonjurors." I then mentioned an edition of the book of 1659 in my possession, which, though retaining the original date, was evidently printed at a later period. The work in my edition is assigned to Dr. John Hewett, who probably was concerned in drawing up the form; though by Cole and others it is ascribed to Fell. I added, "This edition, which I believe to be very rare, I have; and should you, when you are about to reprint your volume, wish to see it, I shall have much pleasure in sending it to you."

To this letter I received the following answer:—

"Albany, London, January 30, 1856.

"Sir,—The fact which you mention is highly curious. I will not fail to notice it when I reprint my book. It should seem that the Nonjuring Bishops were ignorant of the real state of the case. Had they been aware that the form which they were accused of drawing up was really printed in 1659, they would surely have mentioned that circumstance in their Vindication.

"If I understand you rightly, however, the form of 1690 was not exactly copied from the form of 1659. It would be important to note the diversities; and I should be greatly obliged to you for a sight of the rare volume, which you so kindly offer to lend me.

"I have requested Longman to send you my third and fourth volumes. I cannot expect that you will agree with me in opinion; but I shall always be grateful to you for any correction as to matters of fact.

"I have read some things published by the Seceders in Scotland against Whitfield; but I do not remember the sermon which you mention.

"Believe me, Sir, your faithful servant,

"T. B. MACAULAY.

"The Rev. T. Lathbury."

The fact relative to the origin of these prayers, so important to the reputation of the Nonjuring Bishops, had never been previously noticed. No one had imagined that the prayers were not composed in the year 1690. I was not aware myself of this singular fact when my *History of the Nonjurors* was published.

Before I sent the volume, I again wrote to ask whether he had another work, *Reflections upon a Form of Prayer*, offering to forward it with the other. In this letter, I said, "I am by no means sure that my small edition of the book of 1659 was not printed in that year. It is only a conjecture of my own, founded on paper, type, and ornaments, that it is a reprint. In any case, it appears to be an edition not generally known." In the same letter, I alluded to Burnet's singular account of his own share in the Revolution, given with certain variations in no less than four of his works in the years 1688, 1698, 1713, and 1714. I was induced to make this allusion by an article in the *Quarterly Review*, in which the writer had mentioned a sermon by Burnet in terms which might lead persons to imagine that the production was of unusual occurrence, and that it had not been seen by Lord Macaulay.

To this letter the following reply was returned:—

"Albany, London, February 1, 1856.

"Sir,—I have the *Reflections* which you mention, and I believe that I have all Burnet's works.

"I own that I should like to see the original edition of the Jacobite Form of Prayer, with the date

1659, and to collate it with the form of 1690, which I can see whenever I go to the Museum.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"T. B. MACAULAY.

"The Rev. T. Lathbury."

The book was forwarded to Lord Macaulay with another letter, in which I mentioned some additional facts relative to the sources from which the form of 1690 had been derived. The prayer quoted by Lord Macaulay, which was not to be found in the form of 1659, was taken from another special form of the reign of Charles II. I had previously mentioned that all the obnoxious petitions, with one exception, were to be found in the form of 1659. Thus all the passages were now traced to their source. They were traced to previous forms of prayer. In my letter I added, "The prayer commencing 'Father' occurs in the Form of Thanksgiving on the discovery of a Treasonable Conspiracy in 1683, and again in the Form of Thanksgiving for his Majesty's late Victories over the Rebels, 1685. It stands in the form of 1690 without any alteration. It is not found in the form of 1659. These forms of 1683 and 1685 were prepared by Sancroft; and this prayer was probably his own composition. It is, I think, fair to infer that Sancroft and his brethren, feeling their own innocence, contented themselves with a denial, without even an examination of the obnoxious form. Had Sancroft perused the new form, he must have recognised some of the prayers as his own." My letter closed with the following words: "I will only add, that, as you proceed, I should like to see a wider distinction made between the mere Jacobites and the more peaceable Nonjurors. The opinions of the latter on Popery and on James's conduct are not badly expressed by Lindsay, a Nonjuror of a later period, in his *History of England*."

The book was returned with the following letter:—

"Albany, London, February 5, 1856.

"Sir,—I return by this post the little volume which you were so good as to send me. It was evidently not printed in 1659. It is equally evident that the original edition was not printed in 1650. The date in the note from Cole is probably a misprint, as the prayers are full of allusions to the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, and therefore cannot have been written till after the autumn of 1651.

"It is clear that the person who framed the Service of 1690 had the Service of 1659 before him, and made large use of his predecessor's work. But there are whole pages of the Service of 1690 which are not in the Service of 1659.

"It is not improbable that the English account of the Congress at the Hague, though dated 1691, may be a translation from the French account, dated 1692. The French account may have appeared in January 1692; and the English version, if it were published before Lady Day, would be dated 1691.

"I believe that I have either in my own library, or within a walk, everything that is extant about Fuller.

"With many thanks for your courtesy, which I shall not fail to acknowledge publicly, I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

"T. B. MACAULAY.

"The Rev. T. Lathbury."

This letter closed our correspondence. I had referred in my letter to the note in Wood's *Athenæ* from Cole's MSS., in which the book of 1659 is referred to the year 1650. The internal evidence shows that the prayers were composed after the battle of Worcester. Moreover, all the copies which are known bear the date of 1659. It is evident that Cole was mistaken, unless the year 1650 was erroneously put for 1659.

It will be seen that Lord Macaulay concurred in opinion with me, that my copy of the Form of 1659, though bearing the original date, was a reprint of a later period. The book, as it appeared in 1659, is a small octavo volume. My copy is in 18mo, and moreover contains various additional prayers, as well as the particulars connected with the execution of Dr. Hewett.†

\* I discovered afterwards that the prayer, which is found in the forms of 1683 and 1685, appeared also in another of the year 1680.

† The copy in question is now in the British Museum. Though I have seen various copies of the original edition,

\* Macaulay, III. 657, 658.

† Ibid., III. 661.

The allusion in the preceding letter to the Congress at the Hague arose from a question which I had asked. Lord Macaulay refers in a note to the French account of the Congress, published in the year 1692. I wished to know whether he regarded the English account, printed in the year 1691, as an accurate report of the proceedings. I had also referred him to a particular sermon against Whitfield and Preley by a Presbyterian, as perhaps the most violent production ever penned by a professed minister of the Gospel.\*

According to his promise, Lord Macaulay mentioned, in his new edition, the information which I had communicated. The text was permitted to remain, but the following note was appended:—

"Since the first edition of this part of the work appeared, I have learned that the Jacobite Form of Prayer, which produced so much excitement and controversy in 1690, was to a great extent copied from a Form of Prayer which had been composed and clandestinely printed soon after the battle of Worcester for the use of the Royalists. This curious fact, which seems to have been unknown to the accused Bishops and to their accusers, was discovered by Mr. Lathbury after the publication of his *History of the Nonjurors*, and was in the most obliging way communicated to me."†

It will not fail to be remarked that the noble author expressed himself with great modesty, in his correspondence with me, with respect to any corrections of matters of fact. Some of his reviewers have said that a statement once made by him was never retracted. From his letter to me, it is evident that he was always most anxious to be set right in all such matters. He, of course, adhered to his own opinions; but in matters of fact he was willing to be corrected. His letters to me indicate the strongest desire to have all errors in his statements pointed out. They furnish, therefore, a refutation of some of the ill-natured assertions which have occasionally been made against this great man.

Lord Macaulay appears to insinuate, in the passage quoted from his *History*, that some of the prayers had a special reference to certain plots then in agitation. But I have proved that all the petitions to which he alludes were taken from existing Forms of Prayer of the reign of Charles II.; and some of these forms were actually prepared and arranged by Sancroft. It is evident, therefore, that the Archbishop could not have read the Form of 1690. Some prayers in the Form of 1690 do not occur in that of 1659; but all the petitions against which any exceptions were raised were taken from this latter Form, or from others of the years 1680, 1683, and 1685. Had Sancroft examined the new Form, he would have detected some of the sources at least from which the prayers were derived; nor would he have failed to mention the circumstance.

I had hoped that the noble author might have made some alteration in the text of the passage in which the new Form of Prayer is described. This he has not done; but in the preceding note he admits that the fact which I have discovered was not known to the accused Bishops. We have, therefore, his admission that the Bishops could not have been concerned in the publication, and that their vindication was a truthful statement. Had Lord Macaulay's life been spared, he would have had occasion to consider the case of the Nonjurors at various periods of their history; and my conviction is, that he would have laboured to free them from unjust aspersions. In the letters to me he has admitted more than is implied in the note; and as his lamented death has closed his labours, I was anxious to submit the correspondence to the notice of such readers as may feel an interest in these inquiries.

The circumstances of the Nonjurors were peculiar. Nor is it easy for us to realize their difficulties. A wiser policy on the part of the Government might have prevented the schism. But whatever may be our opinion of the course which they adopted in refusing the oaths, it is our duty to clear them from crimes of which they were not guilty.

yet I have not met with another of this small impression. There are two editions in 8vo of the year 1659.

\* *Preley on Idol and Prelates Idolaters*. Glasgow, 1742. This sermon merely carries out the principles of the Solemn League and Covenant, to which all the ministers of the Established Church of Scotland still subscribe. The men are now more moderate than their creed.

† Macaulay, v. 295.

Though the Bishops defended themselves from the charge, yet it has been taken for granted that the new Form was compiled by Nonjurors. As, however, the Bishops were ignorant of the authors of the Form, and as such men as Nelson, Kettlewell, Dodwell, and Hickes never acted without the concurrence of their spiritual rulers, it is reasonable to conclude that none of the Nonjurors were implicated. The discovery which I have made, that the prayers were not new, induced me to make further inquiries, which have led me to the conclusion that the new Liturgy was not compiled by any of the Nonjurors. I shall now submit the evidence on the subject to the consideration of the reader.

The history of the New Form is somewhat curious. In the year 1690, a form of prayer was set forth by authority for the success of the forces in Ireland, and for the protection of King William, who commanded the army in person. In the same year also appeared the New Form, containing the prayers quoted by Lord Macaulay. On the 30th of June, in the same year, the English and Dutch fleets were defeated by the French within sight of the English coast; the enemy remaining master of the Channel for a month.

Shortly after the disaster in the English Channel, a most abusive work was published, under the following title, "A Modest Inquiry into the present Disasters, and who they are that brought the French Fleet into the English Channel described." It was full of the most vituperative expressions against the Bishops and clergy. The Bishops were accused as the authors of the New Form of Prayer. They were called the Reverend Club of Lambeth, the Holy League, and other opprobrious names. Sancroft is designated "Our High Priest," and the Bishops are described as "the rest of our gang." Even the gentle and peaceable Ken is pointed at as an incendiary; and the prayers in the New Form are called "the great guns" of the Prelates.\* Surprise was affected, that the Bishops were not "De Witted" or massacred by the people, as the two brothers, John and Cornelius De Witt, were murdered by the mob at Amsterdam. According to this publication, the Bishops were privy to the new Liturgy, if not its actual authors. It was also alleged that they had concurred in an invitation to the French King to invade England. The charge was not merely whispered and insinuated, but alleged in the most offensive and vindictive language.

Moreover, some who had taken the oaths, were accused in no measured terms in the *Modest Inquiry*, as well as others, who hesitated for a time and then complied. There were some distinguished men, who did not at first commit themselves by taking the oaths "till the sword should decide the claim," since, in their opinion, "the cause might as easily fail as succeed."† Sherlock was one of the number.

Another pamphlet appeared at the same time, on the New Form of Prayer.‡ In this work, the prayers in the New Liturgy, which, to all who were unacquainted with their origin, appeared so obnoxious, are also quoted. However, it was somewhat less violent in its tone than the *Modest Inquiry*. The passages containing the petitions quoted by Lord Macaulay are given in the *Reflections*, with a comment, for the purpose, as is alleged, of supplying an antidote to the poison. The author of this

\* "The greatest wonder of all is, that the Council, who published this new liturgy, did not usher it in with *It seems good to the Holy Ghost and to us*."—*Modest Inquiry*.

† *Kettlewell's Life*. They were charged with "playing fast and loose with Almighty God: He might take it in what sense he pleased: either for King James and Queen Mary, or for King William and Queen Mary: and thus both God Almighty and the Act of Parliament were satisfied."—*Modest Inquiry*. The profanity of this passage is a proof that the author of the *Modest Inquiry* had no sense of religion. He must have been a mere politician, or a political divine.

‡ *Reflections upon a Form of Prayer, lately set forth by the Jacobites of the Church of England*. London, 1690. 4to. The title-page proclaims a falsehood, since, as will be seen in our inquiry, there is no evidence to prove that the form was set forth by Jacobites. The author asks, after quoting one of the petitions, "Who, of their loyal nobility, has suffered and been oppressed and ruined for righteousness and for conscience sake?" The prayer was taken from the form of 1659, and was applicable to the circumstances of Charles II.; it was now intended to be applied to James II. If the origin of this prayer was known to the author of the *Reflections*, he made a cunning application of it to the times. The compiler of the New Liturgy must have been familiar with the forms of 1659, 1680, 1683, and 1685, though he took care to keep the secret from the public.

work intimates that it is doubtful whether the form was not put forth by Roman Catholics. He describes some of the prayers as *cant*, or rather, he says that they would have been so regarded "in another sect of Separatists." The use of Scripture texts is also condemned. "As most of these new forms would pass for cant in their own eyes, if used by others; to some they may seem brought to subjects so slight and ridiculous, as if they were designed to burlesque the sacred Scriptures." The prayer for the King, mentioned by Lord Macaulay, is thus noticed in *The Reflections*:—"I think it proper to conclude with this observation, that in that prayer which is the most particular for the restoration of their Prince, who, they say, for the sins both of priests and people, is now kept out (as it should seem not in the least for his own), they pray that God would raise him up friends abroad, and convert or confound the hearts of his enemies."

The allusion to the fate of the De Witts almost leads to a suspicion that *The Reflections* were forged in the same mint as *The Modest Inquiry*; at all events, there is a marvellous similarity in their tone. The allusion and its intended application will not be unnoticed by the reader. Whoever may have been the author of *The Reflections*, he, like his colleague in the *Modest Inquiry*, comprehends in his charge some clergymen, who had taken the oaths, as well as the Nonjurors. Alluding to a remark made in the reign of Charles II., he says:—"But what would that judicious observer have said if he had survived our late revolution, to have seen those, who condemn it, to pretend to be the only men of merit under it; and that they who believe King James to be their *rightful* king, are the best supporters of the monarchy under King William and Queen Mary! These men may, in their sense, honestly promise to maintain the Government, as it is established, under King William and Queen Mary. For as they would therein make no declaration of their right, they leave a scope for their serving that which they think the only established Government, which with them is King James's, while King William bears only the name of King."

After the charges alleged in the *Modest Inquiry*, the lives of the Bishops were in danger from the violence of the mob, who seemed disposed to carry the recommendation of *De Witt* into effect.\* They could no longer, therefore, remain silent. They met together on several occasions, and agreed upon a vindication from the charges. But an unexpected obstacle met them in the outset; for they were not permitted by the Government to publish their defence. The licence for printing was refused. It was strange that the Government should wish to prevent the accused from vindicating themselves from false charges; yet such was the fact. The accusation was widely circulated; and yet the Bishops were not allowed to publish their defence. At length the vindication was privately printed, under the following title: "The Declaration of William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and several of his Suffragans, whose names are underwritten." The whole of the charge was denied. They had not had any communication with France.† Of the New Liturgy, they say, "We know not who was the author of the New Liturgy, as the libel calls it; that we had no hand in it; nor was it composed or published by our order, consent, or privy; nor hath it at any time been used by us or any of us."‡ They were charged also in the libels, with setting aside the Book of Common Prayer for the New Form." "To this very day, they use them in their cabals, laying aside a great part, and sometimes all the old Liturgy." The falsehood of such a charge would have been manifest on the slightest inquiry.

\* Oldmixon alludes to the mobs, yet turns the circumstance against the Bishops: "These reverends thought fit to disown the former invitation by a solemn declaration. They say it was written to raise such a fury against them, as might end in *De Witt*. It was well known what was meant by that, and it ill became men of such profession to favour any such insinuation, grounded on falsehood in fact as if the Prince of Orange, then the sovereign, had set the Dutch mob on to tear the De Witts in pieces. Turner, of Ely, was the penman of this declaration, and he had malice enough to cherish such an aspersion."—*Oldmixon's History*, p. 58.

† The restrictions under which the Bishops were placed are mentioned in the *Life of Kettlewell*. Some were "retained to write against them," while the Bishops and clergy "had not the liberty to answer for themselves."

‡ This denial is put in the strongest form.



Unprejudiced persons were convinced by the declaration of the Bishops. It was universally read, and the effects produced by the *Modest Inquiry* were counteracted. The Whigs, who were then in office, boasted of their love of liberty; and yet they refused to allow the Bishops to defend themselves from a false accusation. The Government must have known that the charge against the Bishops was utterly groundless; yet, still, they were willing to leave them exposed to popular odium and violence, and their defence was secretly, not publicly, put forth. The vindication was spoken of in both Houses of Parliament; their innocence was substantiated; and men did not hesitate to express their reverence for prelates and clergy who sacrificed all worldly advantages from purely conscientious scruples. Lord Macaulay admits, that the Whigs persecuted the Nonjurors with great vindictiveness; but it does not appear to have occurred to him, that the charges in the *Modest Inquiry* were invented for the purpose of stirring up public opinion against the Bishops and clergy, who refused the oaths to the new Sovereign.

The Bishops noticed only the *Modest Inquiry*, for it contained all the charges, though they were repeated in the *Reflections*. The author of the *Life of Kettlewell* remarks, "The applauded author of *Reflections upon a Form of Prayer*, which soon after was on this occasion published, but upon his bare surmise only, without the least (even pretended) proof for it against them, could not forbear, out of the superabundance of his zeal, after having been, it seems, in Holland to learn politics, putting hence his countrymen in mind of the state of De Witt at Amsterdam, and leaving them to make the application." This author, who was well acquainted with the proceedings of the times, mentions Hickes and Sherlock as suspected, as well as the Bishops, of being concerned in the Form of Prayer. He remarks, that they were expressly described in the *Reflections*. "Yet it doth by no means appear, that either he or the other Doctor had any hand in this form of prayer, and much less doth it appear, whatever prejudices any might have, that this office and that for those who suffer for righteousness, were drawn up by one and the same person, and that also by the order and direction of his superiors." From the *Reflections*, therefore, we find, that an insinuation was thrown out against Kettlewell as one of the authors of the new form. Of the authors of the *Modest Inquiry* and the *Reflections* the very modest author of the *Life of Kettlewell* says, "The greatest kindness to their memory will be, not to have their names recorded who have made so bold with truth."

Both these works were libels on the Bishops. To the *Modest Inquiry* Lord Macaulay's own words, in his account of the New Liturgy, may be applied, "No more mendacious, more malignant, or impious lampoon was ever penned." In both it is mentioned, that a large number of copies of the Prayers was circulated up and down the country. In the *Modest Inquiry*, ten thousand copies are specified. In the *Reflections*, the probable expense is noticed: "There are no small grounds to believe that thousands of these Prayer-Books have been printed and dispersed at a charge more than private. In all probability they were calculated for the expected descent of the Highlanders with their officers, from England and Ireland." Lord Macaulay alludes to the number of copies, and to the expense of the publication. He takes both points for granted. It may here be stated, that all particulars mentioned by Lord Macaulay, and by all other writers who have alluded to the subject, whatever form they may have assumed, are derived from these two publications, the *Modest Inquiry* and the *Reflections*. They are the only contemporary works on the subject. Their unsupported assertions have been, however, received by Lord Macaulay, as well as by a succession of writers from the year 1690 down to the present time. The *Modest Inquiry* is the only authority for his Lordship's statement of the number of copies circulated, and the *Reflections* for his statement of the pro-

bable expense of the publication. As no other evidence exists beyond that of these two works, the question may fairly be asked, are we justified in believing any of their statements?

It will be observed, that Lord Macaulay makes no remark in his letters to me on my expression of a doubt whether the New Liturgy was put forth by any of the Nonjurors. I entertained the doubt when my letter was written, and subsequent inquiries have produced a conviction in my own mind, that the form in question was the production of an enemy. My reasons for this conclusion may now be given.

Let it be remembered that there is no other evidence on the subject than that which is contained in the two publications already mentioned. The prayers were, as I have proved, taken from existing forms. The Bishops certainly were innocent of the charges alleged against them by their enemies. As, therefore, the authors of the two publications are proved to have been guilty of falsehood in some things, can their assertions in other things be entitled to any credit? When the evidence of a witness is disproved in one particular, his credit in all other statements is shaken. Take the assertion as to the number of copies circulated. The *Modest Inquiry* is the only authority on the subject. On its authority the statement is repeated as a fact by Lord Macaulay. Surely the unsupported assertion of such a writer is not necessarily to be received.

On one ground, and that a very simple one, the assertion may be disputed—I mean the present rarity of the form in question. Copies of the Authorized Form of Prayer of 1690 are common, but very few of the other are in existence. Had ten thousand copies been circulated, the Form would have been of as frequent occurrence as the other; yet it scarcely ever occurs. No record exists of any suppression or seizure of copies at the time; on the contrary, the author of the *Modest Inquiry* makes a bold assertion of the circulation of at least ten thousand copies. My belief, therefore, is, that a few copies only were printed, since few copies only are now to be found. Of course, if only a small number was circulated, the statement about the expenses falls to the ground.\*

There is no evidence whatever that the Form was compiled by any of the Nonjurors. By the Bishops it was repudiated, and the clergy did not act without their ecclesiastical superiors. It is far more probable that it was the production of an enemy. To me the conclusion appears irresistible: "an enemy hath done this." The prayers were adopted from other forms, evidently by a man fully conversant with the proceedings of the previous reigns, and by him they were cunningly adapted to the circumstances of James II. in 1690. It may be alleged that such a scheme might have been adopted by the Nonjurors. We see, however, that the Bishops and chief of the clergy were not implicated; and what end could an individual of their body have proposed to himself by such a publication? He must have known that it would neither be used nor recognized by his party. It is far more probable, therefore, that it was a cunningly devised scheme by some Whig politicians for the purpose of rendering the Nonjurors odious to the Government. Such a scheme suited the objects of their enemies, since it tended to bring the Nonjurors into trouble.

If the compiler had been a Nonjuror, he would eventually have come forward and have pointed out the sources of the Prayers for the purpose of vindicating the Bishops. In an enemy the deed was so barefaced, that the secret was not likely to be acknowledged, since a discovery would have covered him with disgrace. On the allusion to the Red Sea in one of the prayers, the author of the *Reflections* remarks that none had suffered for treason. Lord Macaulay adopts the same statement, as an evidence of the lenity of the Government. The expression, however, was first used during the Commonwealth; it was now merely applied to the Nonjurors. He says of another prayer, "This seems to make it ap-

\* Bishop Kennet, who was well acquainted with the transactions of this period, quotes the usual passages from the *Modest Inquiry*, as has been common ever since; but he says nothing of his own knowledge. In a note we have the following: "It is certain there was a Liturgy drawn up for the use of Jacobite Families and Conventicles."—Complete History, iii. 615. That the Form existed is certain; yet there is no evidence of its use in Jacobite families.

pear that the Formulary was a contribution from several hands. The composer of this, I doubt, is but a young trader in Scripture allegorie." Probably the fact that the prayers were taken from several forms, and consequently from several authors, was well known to this writer.

The authors of the *Modest Inquiry* and the *Reflections* have never been discovered, nor yet the compiler of the New Form. Neither has any light been reflected on the subject by any MS. remains either of the Nonjurors or their opponents. Nothing in the way of information is to be obtained from contemporary publications. We know nothing except from the two works above mentioned. At the time no one imagined that the prayers were merely adapted from existing forms. It was supposed that they were specially framed for the occasion. Such also was Lord Macaulay's impression. The charge against the Nonjurors, by whomsoever it may have been repeated, rests only on the unsupported authority of these two productions. The passage in Lord Macaulay's history is, in fact, a paraphrase, in his own felicitous language, of a few paragraphs in the *Modest Inquiry*.

Let these particulars be considered, with the fact that the Government refused a licence for the publication of the Bishops' vindication; and the conviction must, I think, force itself on every unprejudiced mind that the Form was the work of an enemy. Was it not strange that the Archbishop and his brethren should not be permitted to defend themselves from false charges? Such a circumstance assuredly strengthens the supposition that the authorities were acquainted with the particulars connected with the publication of the New Form. They must have known that the Bishops were innocent. Saurcraft complains in various letters of the refusal of the Government; and surely the complaint was reasonable.

Had the form been put forth by any of the Nonjurors, the fact must, I think, sooner or later, have come to the knowledge of the Bishops, and, in such a case, we should have found some intimation of the kind in the various letters which have since been brought to light. But not a single word can be found to lead even to a suspicion that the form was put forth by a Nonjuror. On the other hand, if the ministers of the Crown were acquainted with the authorship of the new Form, it would have been their policy to suppress all evidence on the subject, to prevent future discredit and disgrace. The refusal of the authorities to licence the publication of the *Vindication*, naturally suggests the question, were they acquainted with the facts connected with the New Liturgy? On no other supposition can we account for their conduct in refusing a licence for the *Vindication*.

Moreover, Burnet is silent on the subject. He mentions neither the *Modest Inquiry* nor the New Liturgy; yet he must have been familiar with both, since he was so intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of the times. Such a publication as the *Modest Inquiry* or the New Liturgy would scarcely have been passed over in silence, had he suspected the Bishops or the Nonjurors of being guilty of the alleged acts. I cannot but regard Burnet's silence as conclusive evidence that he was aware of the authorship of the New Liturgy. He could not reveal the secret, nor could he enter into particulars about the Bishops; his only course was that of silence on all the circumstances. The New Liturgy first made its appearance, then came the *Modest Inquiry* to fasten it upon the Bishops, then the refusal of the authorities to the publication of their vindication; on all which particulars Burnet maintains a profound silence, yet he was ever ready to commit to writing every description of tit-tattle and slander.\*

\* I am not aware that the following passage in one of Burnet's works has been noticed:—"You ought to address yourself to the learned *divines* of our church for an answer to such things as puzzle you, and not to one that has not the honour to be of that body, and that has now carried a sword for some time, and employs the leisure that at any time he enjoys, rather in philosophical and mathematical inquiries than in matters of controversy." This passage occurs in a work written in 1687:—"A Letter containing some Remarks on the Two Papers writ by his late Majesty King Charles the Second concerning Religion." It was printed anonymously at Amsterdam; but in 1689 it was published by the author himself in a collection of his tracts. Burnet's statements were false. What would he have said of a Papist

\* Kettlewell's Life. "The office 'for those who suffer for righteousness,' though not published till some years after, had the foundation of it laid in the beginning of his troubles, when he could not escape being insulted for discharging his duty. Hence he drew up particular prayers for his own use, under persecutions and calumnies."

Of course Lord Macaulay makes no other charge against the Nonjurors, than had been again and again circulated by previous writers from the *Modest Inquiry*. But from the felicity of his descriptions, the charge appears more serious in his pages than in the pages of previous writers. I was indeed somewhat surprised that Lord Macaulay, accustomed as he was to examine evidence, should have given such ready credence to the unsupported testimony of such a production as the *Modest Inquiry*. There are in that work various assertions which are repudiated by Lord Macaulay, though they are affirmed with the utmost confidence by many contemporaries, men of considerable eminence, Bishops, Peers, and others, yet the charge against the Nonjurors is admitted on the single testimony of that most vindictive writer. I should have imagined that his Lordship would have rejected any statement in such a writer, unless supported by the evidence of other authorities. He relies on the *Modest Inquiry* for some things, while he rejects it in others.

Thus he ridicules the idea of the Popish Plot, though it was believed by half the nation. He exposes, very justly, the character of Oates and other witnesses, yet the *Modest Inquiry* asserts the reality of the plot, and censures the Papists and the Passive Obedience men for their unbelief. The whole nation, says this writer, "did really believe the reality of the plot." Moreover, Lord Macaulay rejects the fable of the Whigs relative to the Pretender. In short, he looks upon the story of a supposititious child as a disgrace to the Whigs of that day; yet it was asserted by most respectable authorities, and was believed by tens of thousands. The writer also says that the Bishops and others invited the Prince of Orange to England. "His present Majesty, then Prince of Orange, could get no rest from their importunities; but come over he must, and settle things on a sure bottom, and they were most active in inviting him over." And again, "they concurred in inviting the Prince of Orange over to England." It is well known that the only Bishop who joined in the invitation was Compton, and he did not become a Nonjuror.\* These statements are rejected by Lord Macaulay while others are admitted. He knew that the Popish Plot was an invention; and that none of the Nonjuring Bishops or clergy had concurred in the invitation to the Prince of Orange. He could not but have noticed these falsehoods in the *Modest Inquiry*, and yet he depends on the unsupported statements of this vindictive publication in the matter of the authorship of the New Liturgy.

That such a form of prayer was drawn up is certain, for copies are still in existence; but as the statement relative to the authorship rests only on two anonymous pamphlets, containing several acknowledged fabrications, it cannot stand against the facts and arguments which I have adduced. The discovery, which was the result of my inquiries, that the prayers, against which objections are raised by Lord Macaulay and others, were merely collected from previous Forms, is quite sufficient to throw a doubt on the matter, and even to set aside a statement resting only on such a suspicious authority. In the *Modest Inquiry*, it is broadly stated that the Bishops had sent an invitation to the King of France to invade England. The Form of the invitation even is given. Oldmixon, a most unscrupulous

writer of a later period, doubts whether the invitation was couched in the exact words of the *Modest Inquiry*; but he re-asserts the story on the same authority, alleging that a paper was actually drawn up by the Bishops and others, and forwarded to France. Yet, after all, the invitation was a fabrication. Not only was it not sent by the Nonjurors, but it never existed. "The conduct of the French after the victory," says an impartial writer, "seems to prove, that they neither held any correspondence with the Discontented, nor concert with the Jacobites."† The same writer says that the accusation against the Nonjurors was unjust. Tindal, the Whig continuator of Rapin, in allusion to the Bishops' Vindication, says, "Though the Bishops thus strongly asserted their innocence, and resolution of bearing their cross patiently, yet before the year was at an end, a plot was discovered, in which they were deeply engaged."‡ A man who could make such an assertion cannot be depended on as a historian in any matter in which his own principles are concerned. Even Lord Macaulay acquits all except Turner. Indeed no charge of conspiracy was brought against the rest. Even Turner was only suspected. "Though no positive proofs were produced against the Bishop of Ely, he was supposed to be the writer of one of the letters that were seized."§

If the author of the *Modest Inquiry* was capable of palming a fabrication on the country in one case, would he hesitate to pursue a similar course in another? Can his assertions be received respecting the Nonjurors and the new Liturgy? Even the unscrupulous Oldmixon hesitates about Sancroft and Lambeth. He asserts that the Nonjurors had a general meeting near London, though not at Lambeth, and that the new Liturgy was drawn up and sanctioned by the bishops and clergy; but he imagines that Sancroft did not "busy himself about such counsels." Still, he contends that the Form was prepared to "sanctify their treasonable proceedings." Yet, the *Modest Inquiry* is the only authority cited for all his statements.§

The question relative to the complicity of the Nonjurors in the proceedings connected with the New Liturgy has been involved in mystery. The discovery of the sources of the prayers furnishes a clue to unravel the mystery. In consequence of the New Liturgy and the pretended invitation to the French King, the Bishops were suspected by the people; and the Whig ministers, who were more hostile towards the Nonjurors than King William himself, were enabled, by taking advantage of the popular feeling, to prosecute their project and to appoint successors to the deprived prelates.

THOMAS LATHBURY.

#### THE TENISON LIBRARY.

On Monday last, the rare manuscript library of Archbishop Tenison was scattered to the winds by public auction. This act of Vandalism, although perpetrated under colour of an Act of Parliament, seems to us to have been in clear contravention of the spirit and purpose for which the Act was framed. The first clause of that Act, which was passed on the 23rd of last July (anno 23 & 24 Vict. Reg. An Act for confirming a Scheme of the Charity Commissioners for the Administration of Archbishop Tenison's Charity in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields), expressly states, "The Trustees of the Charity shall have power to sell all or any of the contents of the Library to the Governors of the British Museum, or to the managers of any public Library or Institution, or to any other purchasers, upon first submitting the proposals for such sale to the Board of Charity Commissioners for England and Wales, and obtaining their approval thereof." Clearly this means that the governing bodies of the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, or such other public or national institution, should have had the opportunity afforded them of buying the whole or any integral part of the collection, and thus of not only keeping together a valuable

library, but of perpetuating the name and memory of its munificent founder in connection with it. Doubtless, the framers of the Act conceived that the Trustees of the Tenison Charity on the one hand, and the Trustees of the British Museum (whom they especially singled out for mention) on the other, would be anxious and able to come to terms for the transfer of the collection. We have reason to believe, as stated in a former number, that the authorities of our great national collection were not wanting on their part, and that they did their best, by making a liberal offer for the purchase of the entire manuscript collection, not only to serve the cause of letters, but at the same time to preserve from desecration Tenison's memory. The Trustees of the Charity, however, seem to have neglected or to have refused this offer; possibly calculating that, in the present rage after ancient manuscripts, they might secure a larger sum by bringing their trust to public auction; and being apparently indifferent to any other or higher considerations. Their conduct seems the stranger, when it is remembered that in the year 1847, Sir Henry Dukinfield and the other then Trustees of the Charity, had, in the true spirit of the founder, unanimously determined to "transfer," without fee or reward of any kind, the whole of their valuable collection to the British Museum, and that this their intention was only not carried into effect on account of some supposed legal difficulty at the moment.

The proceeds of the sale of the manuscripts reached the sum of £1256. 1s.; and while we regret that the whole of the Collection was not handed over in a lump to the British Museum, we rejoice in the belief that many of the most valuable lots have been secured for the National Collection. The following are among the most noticeable:—

Lot 11. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam: "Commentarius solutus, sive Pandecta." A most interesting collection of personal memoranda, from July, 1608, to October, 1609, in Bacon's own handwriting. Purchased by Mr. Forster, as we believe, for the British Museum. £69.

Lot 12. The Holy Bible, translated by John Wickliffe's followers. On vellum; fourteenth century. £150.

Lot 37. "Fortunati Presbyteri Italici Versarium et Prosaice Expositiones Orationis Dominicæ et Symboli. Libri XI." A valuable and beautifully-written manuscript of the ninth century; wrongly described in the sale catalogue as of the tenth or eleventh century. Boone. £78.

Lot 42. A fine copy of Ralph Higden's "Polychronicon," translated into English by John of Trevisa, at the request of Thomas, Lord of Berkeley, in 1387. This beautiful manuscript is illuminated with the arms of Richard de Beauchamp, fourteenth Earl of Warwick, who was connected by marriage with the Berkeleys. It was probably executed about the year 1420. Boone. £189.

Lot 49. A curious little manuscript, containing unpublished poems of James I., "All the short Poesis that are not printed." The poems are in the hand of some confidential secretary, but there are numerous corrections and notes in James I.'s own handwriting, while one or two poems and two indexes are in the handwriting of Prince Charles. The manuscript is still in its original gold and vellum binding. Boone. £68. 5s.

Lot 51. Geoffrey Keating, "Three Shafts of Death," composed in the year 1631, with a History of Ireland, and Genealogies, by the same author. O'Daly. £20. 10s.

Lot 60. Matthew of Westminster, "Flores Historiarum, ab anno 1058 ad annum 1326." Boone. £63.

Lot 61. Miscellanies. Boone. £16. 16s.

Lot 64. "Missale ad usum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," written in the fourteenth century for the use of the Abbey of St. Thomas at Dublin. Boone. £12. 12s.

Lot 68. An original manuscript of Reginald Peacock, Bishop of Chichester, entitled "The Poore Mennis Myrrour." This unique book was bought, as we understand, for Mr. Tite, M.P., for the small sum of £10.

Lots 70 and 71. Two manuscripts of Fabian Philipps fetched, the first £7. 10s., the second £8. 8s.

Lot 74. "Prudentii Poetæ Liber de Pugna Victorum ac Virtutum, cum Glossis." This magnificent volume, written in the eleventh century, although

who might have pursued a similar course? At this time Burnet was in Holy Orders, though he says that he was not one of the body of Divines. The passage was evidently intended to convey the impression that the writer was a soldier, not a clergyman. How Burnet settled the matter with his own conscience it is difficult to conceive.

\* In Lord Macaulay's last letter, the notorious impostor, William Fuller, is mentioned in reply to one of my questions. Lord Macaulay censures the Whigs in strong language for pretending to believe that the Pretender was not the son of James II. Fuller invented a series of lies, but his character was, at length, fully discovered. The conduct of the Whigs in encouraging such a man was, as Lord Macaulay admits, disgraceful. Burnet, however, was equally culpable with Fuller. He gives pretended details, as though they were believed; and one of his sons, who subsequently became a Judge, published a most abominable work on the subject, as late as the year 1713, *Some New Proofs by which it appears that the Pretender is truly James III.* The account is partly the same as that in his father's History. He gravely asserts, that two supposititious children died, and that the actual Pretender was the third. It is scarcely possible to imagine that the writer believed his own story. He must have invented it for the purpose of supporting the cause of his party.

\* Macpherson's *History of England*, I. 600.

† Tindal's *Continuation*, III. 143.

‡ Macpherson, 607.

§ Oldmixon's *History*, II. 49.



not quite equal in merit to the famous copy of Prudentius in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, is nevertheless of extraordinary value and rarity. The pen-and-ink drawings in it are of the highest value as fine examples of the art of that period. Boone. £273.

Lot 75. "Psalterium cum Precibus," a finely illuminated manuscript of the thirteenth century, fetched the sum of £200: a price, so far as we can judge, far above the ordinary market value of such a manuscript. We understand that it was purchased for Mr. Tite, M.P.

Lot 76. Nicholas Pynnar, Fourteen Drawings of the various Forts and Castles in Ireland. Boone. £14. 4s.

Lot 84. A very curious volume of Wickliffe Tracts, written on vellum in the fourteenth century. Boone. £35.

Lot 97. A volume of Theological Treatises, written in the fifteenth century. Lilly. £37. 10s.

The majority of the other lots produced but very small sums, in many cases only a few shillings. However, as a whole, it is probable that the ordinary fair market value was obtained for the collection.

### SCIENCE.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

July 1.—General Monthly Meeting.—William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.

William Beckett, Esq., Alexander John Ellis, Esq., Hardinge Giffard, Esq., and Joseph Neuberg, Esq., were elected Members of the Royal Institution.

John Dobie, Esq., W. H. Stone, Esq., Dr. John Wainwright, were admitted Members of the Royal Institution.

The Secretary announced that the Fullerian Professorship of Physiology was vacant, and that the managers would appoint a Professor on May 12, 1862.

#### ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

July 2.—John Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were announced as new Fellows:—Lieutenant-General Lane Fox, the Rev. F. W. Farrer, Captain Cameron, H.M. Consul.

A paper was read by Captain Richard Burton, on "Ethnological Notes on M. Du Chaillu's Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa."

The author, after comparing the Eastern with the Western tribes of Africa, both with reference to their social and commercial habits, and pointing out their resemblance, with reference to gorging and drinking, their contempt for those they can victimize, their love of meat and suffering from snambas, their polygamy, their concealing the death of chiefs, their belief in witchcraft, their tears without grief, their speechifying, their leave-takings, their ship-building, the peculiar dresses of chiefs, agriculture with hoes, their improvidence, and other traits, stated that the peculiar power of affection was the brightest spot in the negro character. Cannibalism is, however, prevalent, particularly where animal food is deficient. The author considered, with M. Du Chaillu, that the definition of polygamy, as a political, rather than a social or domestic institution, was quite correct; and made some most interesting remarks with reference to their marriage customs; and, after glancing at the *vezata questio*, "the Gorilla," described the religion of the Africans at some length, and stated that they have a great dread of death, believe in ghosts but not in spirits, in a present immaterial, but not in a future; they have no devil. The languages of Eastern and Western Africa are clearly of the same family. Twins are killed throughout the pagan part of the continent. They smoke the cannabis the same; their style of dyeing colour, working pottery without a lathe, the loom for weaving, the iron pipe, the handleless hammer, and other things, are the same. They taste food and water before their guests, for fear of poison. The plague of flies and ants is not exaggerated. Monopoly is sacred through the negro race. When the king dies, slaves must be slain, and provisions

and valuables buried. Albinos are common in all tribes where they are not murdered. The head, whether of man or beast, is a royalty amongst most African tribes. The author then concluded by hoping that all would be satisfied that M. Du Chaillu had well and truly studied the new and curious races of whom he has treated. The Chairman, Mr. Simmonds, Mr. Consul Hanson, Captain Parker Snow, Mr. Luke Burke, Mr. Malone, and others, took part in the discussion.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have awarded the following premiums for papers read during the Session 1860-61.

1. A Telford Medal, and a Council Premium of Books, to William Henry Preece, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters."

2. A Telford Medal, and the Manby Premium, in books, to George Parker Bidder, junior, for his paper "On the National Defences."

3. A Telford Medal, to Francis Fox, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Results of Trials of Varieties of Iron Permanent Way."

4. A Council Premium of Books, to Frederick Braithwaite, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Rise and Fall of the River Wandle; its Springs, Tributaries, and Pollution."

5. A Council Premium of Books, to George Hurwood, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the River Orwell and the Port of Ipswich."

6. A Council Premium of Books, to William Hall, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Floating Railway at the Forth and Tay Ferries."

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, June 28.

A small pamphlet—consisting of eight octavo pages only—was brought out here a few days ago, was sold in the streets to the extent of several thousand copies in the first day or two after its publication, and was then forbidden to be sold any more; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the sale of it was suspended. For, by the law now in force concerning the press, no publication can be summarily prohibited; but when any printed matter has been inculcated by the "Procuratore regio,"—when, that is to say in our own phraseology, a prosecution has been commenced by the Attorney-general, the sale of work in question may be provisionally prohibited, until the question of its legality shall have been decided by the competent tribunal. The sale of the little pamphlet in question has been stopped by virtue of this discretionary power.

Now, as the subject of which these few prohibited pages treat is one of the most profoundly and permanently important with regard to the future of the new kingdom now in the throes of organization, and as it is further very interesting to observe what manner of treatment of that subject is deemed by the Italian Government to overpass the limits of fair discussion as prescribed to a press intended to be as free as is compatible with the safety and wellbeing of society, I purpose giving the readers of the *Literary Gazette* some account of these eight pages, and of the circumstances which led to their publication.

On the evening of the day on which Cavour died,—that day being, as it chanced, the eighth after the festival of Corpus Domini,—the Archbishop of Florence and his clergy made a procession, as is their custom. But on this occasion, contrary to custom, the procession was made around the outside of the Cathedral instead of the inside; a large number of laymen in gala costume followed it. These laymen were all the most noted chiefs of the *Codino*, or retrograde party in Florence. Now, under the circumstances, the Florentines, smarting under the morning's news of the heavy loss the country had suffered, felt that this unwonted demonstration and festive pageantry was an indecent and most offensive insult to the national grief. The irritation in the city was very great; the *Codino* processionists were well hooted and hissed, and scattered in ignominious flight; a few carriage windows were broken; and a few of the more marked and noted "Austriacanti"

frightened into escaping in all haste into the baptistery, and shutting themselves up there till three o'clock the next morning.

This little effervescence of the popular feeling was for orderly and civilized Florence a most extraordinary and unprecedented deed of violence; and, as may be imagined, the city talked and thought and wrote of little else for some days afterwards. But that a few ex-grand-ducal ministers and courtiers, who are known to prefer their stars and ribbons and gold keys and state-chamber kotoings to all the best interests of Italy, should have received a super-erogatory assurance of the loathing and contempt of their fellow-citizens was, after all, a matter of infinitesimally small interest to anybody but themselves. The real importance of the circumstance lay in the part the Bishop and dignified clergy played in the matter. Of course it could not but be that the whole series of recent events in Italy should tend to make a breach between the Church and the people. And those whose position enables them to watch the flying of the straws which from day to day are blown about by the wind of the public feeling in Italy, must be struck with the constantly-recurring evidences of the increasing wideness of this breach. Nothing can be more important in determining the direction in which, and the issues to which, the future career of the Italian civilization shall develop itself, than the growth and formation of the public mind with reference to the national church. And this is the measure of the real gravity of such events as that which has been shortly recounted, and of the uses to which such occasions may be improved by writers who aspire to give a direction to the public mind.

Almost immediately after the luckless procession on the day of the great minister's death, a short paper consisting of eight little duodecimo pages was offered for sale in the streets of Florence. It was entitled *Il Colpo di Grazia* (the Coup de Grace); and it bore for motto the verses,—

"Pretino mio, se non avrai giudizio,  
Perderai la cappella e il beneficio;"

literally, "If you do not take care, my little priest, you will lose your chapel and your benefice."

The writer begins by a few bitter words on the folly of the priest-party in outraging the national sentiment, as they had just been doing. He taunts them with the utter and manifest indifference of the people to the great and grand annual ceremonial of the Corpus Domini, which had taken place a week before; then says, that he will show the Tuscans what they think about the Pope in France, by translating a paper, which, under the title of *Our Holy Father the Pope*, has been sold by thousands throughout France. (Of this paper by M. About the English papers have spoken at length.) But, says the Tuscan pamphleteer, "the French title is *Notre Saint Père le Pape*; and this is all very well for France, where men still speak of the Pope seriously; and persons may still be found who, with an air of compunction, call him 'Holy Father'; but the irony and mockery of such a title would not tell with us; for you cannot mock what does not exist. And whether or no the Pope is a Holy Father to us, Pius IX. found out when he came here" (i.e. to Florence).

He therefore changes the title, he says, to that of *Il Colpo di Grazia*. He concludes with an exhortation to "take for our sole guide the holy Gospel, and for our master Jesus Christ; and to let the Pope go to pot his own way. Amen." "Lasciamo cuocere il Papa nel suo brodo," is the untranslatable phrase of the original.

Of this little publication twenty-five thousand copies were sold within a week.

Then came out, by the same anonymous author, a second pamphlet of eight octavo pages, entitled *Fischi e non Busse!* (Hisses and not Blows!)

After briefly saying that, though he sympathizes with the people, he cannot praise them for the violence of the demonstration on the evening of the procession, the writer returns to inveigh against the suicidal insolence of the priests; and alluding to the Archbishop's refusal to permit any service to be performed in the cathedral on the occasion of the national festival on the 2nd of June, he writes:—

"Oh, if an archbishop, followed by a retinue of canons in their robes, or of *Codini*, in gala dress, had entered into the great hall of the Palace of the Republic, when, now five

hundred and sixty years ago, those grand old magistrates came to that noble determination to found a church of such exquisite and superb magnificence, that the power and industry of man shall be able to invent nothing greater or more beautiful, a church corresponding to a heart infinitely great, because made up of the hearts of many citizens, united in one sole will (such is the text of the old decree, ordering the foundation of the cathedral); and if that archbishop had said, 'You are about, Sirs, to build a temple, I hear. It is well. I observe, shall profit by it. When you shall have finished it, I will take possession of it; and, first of all, I will compress that large heart you speak of, because, large as it is, it would be inconvenient to me; I will dry it up, I will make it small! Then I will open and shut the doors of your temple according to my will and pleasure; for those who support the rule of a tyrant, they shall be open, wide open, if that tyrant be a foreigner, and if he bring other foreigners with him. For those who love their country and liberty, the doors shall be shut in their faces, and bolted to boot. And if any one shall make objection, I will answer: The people have built this church, but it belongs to me and my priests; if anybody has the temerity to oppose my will, I will roast him if I can succeed in doing so; if not, let him be anathema, &c.' If any Archbishop had spoken those words, what answer would he have had from those venerable fathers of the Republic? And yet, to hear certain priests talk, you would think that they were the masters of the churches, and that the people had built them for their reverences! It would seem as if the priests were not made for the people, but the people for the priest!"

After speaking of the severe hooting and hissing which fell to the share of the Archbishop, and showing how thoroughly he deserved it, he goes on to caution the people against being provoked into violence, imploring them, in any case, to limit themselves to *fischì, e non busse*,—hisses, and not blows.

"Some among you, perhaps," he continues, "will imagine that I chuckle and rejoice over these things. No! my friends, no! I lament that by the fault of these *Codini* and priests, the holy principle of authority suffers every day more and more. I lament still more because the sentiment of religion suffers by it, and that little religion which you had at the bottom of your hearts is little by little disappearing. This is a great misfortune. But it is not an irreparable one. Hear me, my friends! The priestly hat and the ecclesiastical collar are, henceforward, fallen; and if we do not raise them up again by giving them the *prestige* of martyrdom, they will, in process of time, probably, not dare to show themselves any more. The priest will feel the propriety and the need of acting and clothing himself like a man! But our religion? Is religion to perish? Assuredly not!"

And then the writer winds up with a purely Protestant declaration of the all-sufficiency of the mediation of Christ; and the whole tone of both the papers of which I have been speaking is evidently that of a religious Protestant, who is striving to take advantage of the anti-national position in which the Catholic clergy are with such suicidal folly placing themselves, in order to obtain a hearing for his own doctrines and principles. A good deal has already been done in this direction, there is reason to think, in Tuscany, among a select and small class of the population. But I do not think, despite the ground which has been lost, and is from day to day being lost by the old faith, that the time has yet come when any large measure of acceptance can be hoped in Italy for any form of spiritual Protestantism. The religious aspect of Italy, amid the political convulsions which are stirring up its social life from their foundations, is, perhaps, the most deeply interesting of all the phases under which it can be studied. And I hope on some future occasion to show the reasons which exist for coming to the conclusion that the efforts of those good men who are striving to endow Italy with a Protestant creed, after the model of some of the spiritual forms of religious belief as they exist among ourselves, are not likely, for the present, to be crowned with any wide-spread success.

In the meantime it is curious to observe what are the efforts in this direction which the authorities in Italy deem it necessary to repress by the strong arm of the law; and it will be especially interesting to see on what grounds the public prosecutor will base his inculpation of the writing we have been examining. When, among ourselves, the great struggle between the old faith and the new was still undecided, the power of the civil magistrate was often very capriciously and inconsistently brought into action, according to the personal bias and predilections of the individual exercising it. And the same thing must necessarily occur here for some time to come. The law regulating the press, moreover, can hardly be said to be yet thoroughly consolidated and understood. Liberty of the press is a very new and very strange fact in Italy. I think it will be found to be attended, at all events in this part of Italy, with very much less of abuse than has

accompanied its growth to maturity in England, and has distinguished its unsuccessful attempt at existence in France. There is a natural moderation, and peculiar sentiment of the requirements of good taste and good breeding, among these people, which will be a great safeguard in this matter. And I have very little doubt that but a short time will have to elapse before such writings as this *Colpo di Grazia* and *Fischì e non Busse* will be quite safe from any interference from the officers of the law.

T. A. T.

MUNICH, June 22.

Visitors are pouring in here in great numbers. The great thoroughfare from west to east being now open, Munich derives that advantage from international communication which it might long ago have enjoyed had only a spirit of enterprise, in but ever so small a degree, existed in the country. But while railroads were being pushed forward by Prussia with all haste to meet those coming from Paris, so as to lead both passengers and traffic to Berlin, and thence to Vienna, Hungary, and Constantinople, here, with characteristic apathy, nothing was done; and it was only long after the great stream of traffic had set in northwards that the absolute necessity of beginning to move was discovered. It would seem that a glance at the map would have been sufficient to show that the natural road to Vienna and the East lay in this direction. But as, until very lately, between Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, and the frontier of Austria, the quickest means of locomotion was the antiquated lumbering diligence, blundering on at a rate never exceeding five miles an hour, travellers eastward found it a positive gain to make the immense round of going first northwards, and then sweeping round to the south. Now that Bavaria is no longer isolated, standing beyond the pale, as it were, of the network of European railways, the results of such necessary connection become every day more apparent. How little the necessity for this means of intercommunication was understood, and how imperfectly the results arising from railway passage were appreciated, the station here most palpably demonstrates. Extensive as it is, it still is far from being large enough. On all sides additions have been made, outbuildings and dependencies erected, but still the traffic goes on increasing; bearing witness day by day, and hour by hour, to the shortsightedness of the authorities. The original delay, as well as the scale of the arrangements when the railroads were finally begun, proves how imperfect a notion the Government had of the necessities of their own or of other lands; and how little they were aware of the expansion traffic is capable of, if only means are afforded for its development. The results of the old system were, apparently, taken as a standard. This was not only wrong, inasmuch as the conveyance of passengers and goods by mail-carriages can never be a standard by which to calculate the probable result of steam-conveyance, but, in the present instance, it could afford no clue whatever. For the public conveyances of Bavaria were notoriously the slowest and worst organized in Germany. No one, unless compelled by necessity, could expose himself to the discomfort of being jolted sixteen mortal hours in order to reach a town only eighty English miles off. Moreover, bad as the accommodation was, the fares were high. It did not occur to the postal authorities that people stayed at home because a journey under their auspices was anything but agreeable, and because each one felt he did not get money's worth for his money. Directly, however, another means of locomotion was offered the public, it accepted it readily; and every train that now arrives or departs shows how the boon is appreciated. It is but fair to add, that the railway arrangements are excellent; and the accommodation, as regards the passenger-carriages, whether of first, second, or third class, far superior to that of the English lines.

The Propyleum, begun several years ago by King Lewis, is advancing fast towards completion. The street in which it stands is bounded by it on the west; while in the opposite direction stands the bronze obelisk erected to the memory of the Bavarian soldiers whose bones are mouldering on the plains of Russia. The well-known Glyptothek is on one side, and facing it the large building, also

in the Greek style of architecture, appropriated to exhibitions.

Private houses, too, are rising in all directions. Lines of streets which for years had only been traced out, with here and there a building, are now being filled up; and most of them are taken long before they are completed. On some, the bill of "Lodgings to Let" is up, while the plasterers, carpenters, and bricklayers are still busily at work. And yet lodgings are rising in price, for the demand increases faster than the supply. The new street being built by the present King is evidently the result of his Majesty's visit to Paris a year or two ago. As in that city, in many streets and squares, beds of flowers, with shrubs and evergreens, are introduced, so this new street is to be laid out in a similar manner. The effect is most pleasing. The street is broad, and on each side a row of maples is planted. The houses stand back a considerable distance, and the space between them and the pavement is covered with lawn and flowers. When completed, the general effect will, without doubt, be most charming. The style of architecture, however, invented for the occasion, is anything but satisfactory. The houses are of immense height, and elaborately ornamented. Bürklein is the architect. This is not the place to enter into a detail of the faults in doors and windows; but I believe there are scarcely two opinions on the subject. The buildings here are quite different in character from those of the rest of the town. It was, to the best of my knowledge, intended that they should be so; but the question is, whether they differ favourably or not. The new street has become the fashionable and most frequented promenade, and is, in fact, the Corso of Munich.

The son of the eminent Dresden artist, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, has been here. The field he has chosen for his particular talent is the stage, and his powerful tenor voice has delighted successive audiences. A tenor of such volume is most rare, and it was appreciated accordingly. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, unlike the tenor in Hogarth's picture, and unlike tenors generally, is a most portly personage; and were the part of *Falstaff*, in the opera of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," adapted to his voice, might act that character without stuffing. A few nights ago, he performed in "Fidelio;" and it was rather amusing to see so well-conditioned a prisoner brought up from his dungeon amid the other miserable captives. It was impossible to realize to the mind the anguish and suffering, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, with a man in such good case before you. He is but twenty-four years old, and his voice has all the freshness of that age. The opera of "Fidelio" was substituted, at the eleventh hour, for "La Muette-de Portici," political considerations having induced the change; some official thinking it not fitting to give the piece at a moment when events like those represented on the stage had been occurring in reality, and this especially in a city where the dethroned Neapolitan sovereigns were so nearly allied to the royal family. The public very naturally did not see the necessity of such reserve, and were little satisfied at losing the treat of hearing a good singer in one of his best parts.

The chair at the University, vacated by Lassaulx's lamented death, has not yet been filled. Carrière, the Secretary to the Academy, is already in the field. He is the author of many works on æsthetical science, of which originality is certainly not the predominating characteristic. His chief merit consists in being the son-in-law of Professor Liebig; to which circumstance alone he owes his being called to Munich, as well as the appointment at the Academy, which was soon after conferred upon him. Liebig's influence here, which is great, will no doubt ensure him his election. It seems, however, that he will not be allowed to walk over the course, for Dr. Fred. T. Vischer, at present Professor of Æsthetics and German Literature at the University of Zurich, has been mentioned as a worthier successor to Lassaulx. Vischer is acknowledged to take a higher place in his department than any other man in Germany; and it is thought an opportunity too good to be lost, to ensure his services for Bavaria, and at the same time to recall an absentee to his native land. We shall see what will be the result. The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race



to the swift; and it is not at all unlikely that in this case also, mediocrity, with characteristic success, will carry off the prize.

The well-known author, Professor W. H. Riehl, whose works have frequently been spoken of in English journals, has just published a volume, entitled *Die Deutsche Arbeit* (*Work in Germany*). It is dedicated to the King, who, it seems, gave the first impulse to the investigations which form the subject of the book.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BUCKLE ON THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—I am a Protestant, and, tried by an Episcopalian standard, would probably be reckoned ultra-liberal in my opinions; but I must protest in the name of truth and equity against the injustice which Mr. Buckle has done to the ancient Roman Catholic Church of Scotland. At a period when the great mass of the community were immersed in gross ignorance, and not a single Scottish baron could sign his own name, the Scottish clergy had obtained a high reputation, not only in scholastic theology and philosophy, but in the study of the civil and canon laws, and even in mathematics and astronomy. They not merely held a monopoly of the learning of these remote times, but were almost the sole proficient both in the useful and in the ornamental arts. They were the principal agricultural improvers, and by far the best landlords. They were the physicians, teachers, sculptors, architects, mechanics, as well as the historians and poets of the age. They were the founders of colleges and schools, and it is to them that we are specially indebted for those magnificent baronial and ecclesiastical structures whose mouldering remains still attest the munificence and taste of their builders. Above all, they were the protectors of the poor and the oppressed, and their influence was at this period the only check upon the mastery of mere brute force. During the War of Independence they fought bravely in defence of their country's rights, while the great body of the nobles basely sacrificed its liberties to promote their own selfish ends; and when, at a later period, many of the leading barons became the venal tools of the English Court, the bishops and clergy steadfastly adhered to the patriotic cause. As a matter of course, Mr. Buckle takes not the slightest notice of these important services; he never mentions the Romish clergy, except in disparaging terms; he ascribes in part to their influence the murders and other crimes by which Scotland was then disgraced; he even ventures to insinuate, without a particle of evidence, that Bishop Kennedy, the founder of St. Andrew's College, and one of the most disinterested patriots and sagacious and upright statesmen Scotland has ever produced, was privy to the assassination of the Earl of Douglas by James II. It is no doubt true that at a later period the Romish clergy had become indolent, rapacious, and immoral; but it would be every whit as reasonable to hold Lord Bacon responsible for the absurdities of Mr. Buckle, as to hold the clergy of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries responsible for the immoralities of their successors in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Buckle is still more flagrantly unjust in his treatment of the Scottish Protestant clergy in the seventeenth century. He is compelled, indeed, to acknowledge that they rendered most important services to the cause of national liberty; but he terms them "low-born and obscure men," accuses them of "superstition, of chicanery, of low and sordid arts, of arrogant and unbridled insolence," and asserts that they "availed themselves of the (religious) habits of the people to extend and consolidate their own authority;" that they affirmed that "miracles were wrought in their behalf, and often on their persons;" and that they "advocated horrible notions concerning evil spirits and future punishments, and notions more horrible still respecting the Deity, to intimidate the people and bring them completely under control." It is not easy to reconcile these apparently conflicting statements, or to believe that men so superstitious, tyrannical, arrogant, mean, and dishonest as Mr. Buckle represents the Scottish clergy to have been, could have been at the same

time—as he says they were—"the guardians of Scottish freedom," who always "stood to their post," "kept alive" what "the nobles and the Crown had put in peril," kindled into a blaze the dying spark of liberty, "trimmed the lamp and fed the sacred flame when the light grew dim," and "by their sermons, by their conduct both public and private, and by the proceedings of their assemblies . . . stirred up the minds of men, woke them from their lethargy, formed them to habits of discussion, and excited that inquisitive and democratic spirit which is the only effectual guarantee the people can ever possess against the tyranny of those who are set over them." The fact that the clergy performed the important work for which Mr. Buckle is constrained thus to commend them is of itself sufficient to satisfy every candid mind that their personal character must have differed widely from that which Mr. Buckle has delineated. Every one acquainted with Scottish history knows that Mr. Buckle's description of the Scottish clergy is a monstrous caricature, which bears only a very faint resemblance to the original. His statements contain just enough of truth to give wings to his falsehoods and misrepresentations. It is true that the founders of the Scottish Presbyterian Church were intolerant: this was the fault of their age. It is true that they were not free from superstition; it would have been marvellous if they had been so, at a period when the most enlightened men in other countries, placed in far more favourable circumstances, shared in the same infirmity, and even a century later two of the founders of the Royal Society—Joseph Glanville and Dr. Henry More of Cambridge—believed firmly in witches and apparitions. But tried either by the standard of their own times, or especially by the great work which they performed, I have no hesitation in affirming that these Presbyterian divines deserve a prominent place among the benefactors of mankind. They found the people of Scotland grossly ignorant, superstitious, turbulent, fierce, cruel, and immoral. The lawless violence of the nobles and their sanguinary feuds, which were handed down from father to son, deluged the country with blood. Even the churchyard and the porch of the sacred edifice were often the scenes of their quarrels and faction fights on Sundays and saints' days. Assassinations were as common in Scotland in those times as they still are in Ireland and Spain. The common people were grievously oppressed by the barons, and a large portion of the peasantry were mere bondsmen, like the Russian serfs, living in a state of the greatest degradation and wretchedness. The most frightful licentiousness prevailed among all classes, and was accompanied by a coarseness and brutality, which proved the existence of a darker barbarism than was to be found at the time in any other country of Europe. Such was the condition of Scotland before the Reformation; and the work assigned to the founders of the Scottish Protestant Church was to reduce these elements of turbulence and strife to order and harmony; to tame that rugged, barbarous, vehement, indomitable people; to introduce into their minds religious feeling and a reverence for moral order; to subdue their stubborn self-will, long-breathed and passionate revengefulness, unscrupulous covetousness, and deep-rooted licentiousness; in a word, to teach them to fear God and to honour the king. They set themselves to the accomplishment of this formidable task like men who were deeply in earnest, and they performed it. They were too sagacious to dally with half-measures; their motto was "thorough." "Revolutions," it has been justly said, "are not made with rose-water." Knox and his colleagues knew quite as well as Mr. Buckle the influence of knowledge on the progress of civilization; and at a time when the instruction of the common people was not only neglected, but apparently not even thought of in our wealthy, civilized England, they prepared a scheme of education so extensive and complete, that, to our shame be it said, it has not been fully carried out, even at the present day. Provision was made for the education of the poor out of the church funds, and those who were able to pay for the education of their children, were enjoined to send them to school, and neglect of this duty was visited with the censures of the Church. A number of the ministers even established and endowed schools at their own expense,

while the rapacious nobles laid violent hands on the patrimony of the Romish church, and termed Knox's scheme for its appropriation to the support of the clergy and the poor, and the maintenance of schools and colleges, "a devout imagination." By these zealous efforts of their ministers, the people of Scotland were not only put in possession of the Bible, but were taught to read, and were exhorted to study it diligently, "to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good." Sermons were preached to them, which at the present day would no doubt be reckoned long and wearisome, but which undoubtedly had the effect of rousing the dormant intellect of the hearers, and training them to those habits of inquiry and discussion by which the Scottish people are still distinguished. A system of church discipline was instituted, which, tried by the opinions and feelings of our own age, must be pronounced harsh and severe, but which was most skillfully adapted to the character and condition of the people for whom it was intended; and there is every reason to believe that gentler measures would have failed to produce the desired effect. This much, at least, must be admitted, that the discipline of the Church was administered with the strictest impartiality; that peer and peasant were alike subjected to its censures; that their offences, of whatever nature, were visited with the same penalties; and that it was crowned with complete success. Whatever progress Scotland has since made in agriculture, arts, letters, science, manufactures, trade, commerce, in all that constitutes civilization, may be traced to the Scottish pulpit and the Scottish school; in other words, to the zealous and disinterested labours of the very men whom Mr. Buckle has misrepresented and vituperated. It is the very completeness and permanence, indeed, of their work, that has drawn down upon them the rabid abuse of our modern sciolists, in whose nomenclature belief in Christianity is synonymous with superstition. T.

#### FINE ARTS.

EIGHT HISTORICAL PICTURES BY W. H. SCOTT.

THESE eight pictures form an important addition to the exhibitions of the metropolis. Important, not only because they are works certain to create a considerable amount of interest in artistic circles, but more especially important as an interesting attempt to extend the encouragement of high Art in a sensible and praiseworthy direction. Sir W. C. Trevelyan, being an admirer of Art, as well as a public-spirited county magnate, conceived the very common-sense idea of having the principal events in the history of the county with which he is connected, painted in a series of historical pictures, of size sufficient to adorn the Hall at Wallington. He engaged Mr. William Bell Scott, an artist who had shown considerable skill and great boldness of grasp in other pictures, to paint the number required; and to whomsoever the merit of fixing upon the subjects belongs, certain it is that the incidents have not only been well chosen, but have also been thought out in a manner full of dramatic interest, and with no ordinary amount of historic lore. The first picture of the series represents the building of the Roman Wall, in which the Centurion looks a familiar figure in both position and style of drawing; but here the odour of the old masters ends, and although there is some careless, and one or two more than doubtful passages, in drawing among the other figures, the truth of the landscape, and what painters know as the "quality" of the greater proportion of this picture, is of a very high character. The second of the series is *St. Cuthbert*, when the king is urging him to exchange the spade for the crossier; and in this picture, too, the sky and sea will no doubt delight the disciples of pre-Raphaelism; although the blue expanse wants that vigour and breadth, both of

touch and feeling, so essential to a really high historic Art. The style of drawing in the figures of this picture is also "little" in character, and altogether, although one of the most telling in general effect from the way in which the figures stand out against the sky and background, yet it is certainly one of the least successful of the series. No. 3, *The Death of the Venerable Bede*, is the greatest of these pictures in all the higher elements of high Art—greater in thought, and more intense in feeling. The head and figure of Bede is partially wooden in character, although tender in feeling; and it will be difficult to find more exquisite expression than in the heads of three of those monks. The accessories, too, of this work are in sympathizing harmony with the entire scene and subject; and to this picture alone we could devote a column of descriptive criticism, without finding much, even in detail, to differ from. But those who can, should study this fine work for themselves, because it is fine in spite of that rather repulsive appearance which it, and some of the others, present at first sight—a repulsion arising from three distinct causes: first, an apparently inherent want of the sense of beauty, especially in woman, which Mr. Scott seems to share with his greater brother, the late David Scott, R.S.A.; secondly, from the artist being smitten with the P.R. delusion, whereby eccentricity is mistaken for power; and thirdly, from a deficiency of composition, whereby the lights are scattered, and the eye wanders over the picture without finding a centre on which it can rest and enjoy the whole. But in spite of all this, *The Death of Bede* is a great picture, and highly creditable to the artist as a mental work. No. 4, *The Descent of the Danes*, is far more showy, but also a far less satisfactory work, and one which draws more largely on our faith in the artist's archaeological knowledge. It might be that the *belles* of those days wore the same kind of scarfs as are now to be seen in Regent Street, imported from the East, and that the children had the same windmill toys which are still sold in London; that the strong women carried their children in baskets—"creels," the same as those now used by the Newhaven fisherwomen for carrying fish to market; and that old monks carried off their stock-in-trade by the same action, and in the same kind of basket, that a bricklayer's labourer still uses for sand or old bricks: all this may be, but it would have been well had the artist indicated his authority, for it is difficult to realize the idea that at the descent of the Danes things were so very much the same as they are still, in the details of social existence. The child in the foreground of this picture is perhaps the worst piece of drawing in the series, and that is a strong statement. No. 5, *The Spur in the Dish*, begins the modern division of the series, and with some good painting, especially in the subordinate figures and still life, represents the well-known incident in a vigorous way. The style of the women fully bears out the remark as to the artist's deficiency in the elements of beauty, because wit has no essential connection with ugliness. In No. 6, *Bernard Gilpin*, the Apostle of the North, maintaining the sanctity of the church, there are also some fine characters and clear painting, and the story is well told; but Mr. Scott has not risen to the dignity of the subject, so much as he has brought it into respectable harmony with conventional pictorial ideas. No. 7, *Grace Darling* saving those wrecked in the 'Forfarshire,' contains some clear heads, and the sky and distant sea have grandeur both in character and colour; but how a boat could live in such a storm would probably puzzle the oldest tar

in Greenwich Hospital. No. 8 represents *Iron, Coal, and Steam*, with their several appliances, and is a respectable rendering of a difficult subject. Altogether, these pictures ought to become one of the attractions of the season, both from their value as works of art, the historical interest they represent, and the new field which opens up to other country gentlemen, in following the wise and patriotic example of Sir W. C. Trevelyan, encouraging high Art in a most practical and interesting method.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operatic performances during the past week at this house have comprised Verdi's "Il Ballo in Maschera," "Guillaume Tell," "La Traviata," and "Don Giovanni." The assumption of the part of *Violetta* in the "Traviata," by Mlle. Patti, was looked forward to with much interest, a feeling that doubtless will increase with each succeeding impersonation.

Considering the great popularity which Verdi has enjoyed in England for some time past, the reception which "Il Ballo in Maschera" has met with seems marvellously cold. Both musically and dramatically, it is inferior to the "Trovatore," though it contains one grand concerted piece, the quintet in the second act, superior to anything that is to be found in that opera: some of the songs are remarkable for their elegance, and full of that original piquancy which is a characteristic of all Verdi's writings. We may especially notice the *Page's* song, in B flat, in the first act, No. 5 (vocal score, p. 31).

"Volta la terra  
Frente alle stelle,  
Come sfavilla  
La sua pupilla."

and the playful canzone in G, No. 25, in the concluding act, allotted to the same character,—

"Super vorreste  
Di che si veste."

Both these songs are very effective when delivered by an artiste capable of entering into their spirit; and we had a striking proof of this when we heard the same opera at Paris some months ago, Mme. Battu, at the Théâtre des Italiens, giving them with a vivacity and spirit, wholly wanting in Mlle. Miolan-Carvalho's lifeless impersonation of the same character.

Notwithstanding Mario's easy and yet clever delineation of the *Duke's* rôle, we think that the most satisfactory part is that allotted to *Renato*, in which Graziani is most successful. Madame Penco's representation of the unhappy *Amelia* is careful and, in some parts, highly dramatic; but she rarely attains what we consider the highest point in tragic acting, the power of carrying her audience on with her, as is so pre-eminently the case with Mlle. Tietjens; and any degree of acting, short of this, fails to render Verdi's heroine in any way interesting, as there are no vocal beauties in this opera for the soprano, sufficiently marked to compensate for dramatic shortcomings. Mme. Didici's personification of *Ulrica* must not be passed over without a word of commendation. The plot of this opera being identical with that of "Gustavus," by Auber, we have assumed our reader's acquaintance with it; but into the musical merits of the whole we shall enter more fully on another occasion; at present we are inclined to consider it as perhaps inferior to the "Trovatore," about equal to "Rigoletto," and decidedly superior to the "Traviata."

## BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

Between the Sonatina, Op. 79, in G major, and the Sonata, Op. 81, with which the seventh Recital opened, we find but one work intervening, the Choral Fantasia in C minor, Op. 80, for piano, orchestra, and chorus, composed, most probably, about the year 1812. The poetical names assigned to some of Beethoven's Sonatas have generally been affixed by others; but in this instance, it is satisfactory to know that the titles of Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, Le Retour," originated with Beethoven

himself. A Sestett, Op. 81, four stringed instruments and two horns; four airs and one duett, Op. 82; three songs, Op. 83; the Overture and Entr'acte to Egmont, Op. 84; the "Mount of Olives," Op. 85; First Mass, in C major, Op. 86; a Trio for Wind Instruments, Op. 87; Song, "Das Glück der Freundschaft," Op. 88; and a Polonaise in C major, for pianoforte, lead us to the beautiful love story, Op. 90, in which Beethoven has transmitted musically, to all posterity, the history of the loves of Count Lichnowski and his mistress. It must be observed, however, that the above order of Beethoven's works, found in Breitkopf and Hartel's Catalogue, is not always identical with the order of their composition; for instance, we hear of the actual performance of the oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," Op. 85, in the year 1803, and of the C major Mass, Op. 86, in 1810, whilst the Sonata in question, Op. 90, was certainly written in or after the year 1812.

## Seventh Recital, Friday, June 28th.

## PART I.

Sonata in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour" . . . . . Beethoven.  
"Les Adieux" {Adagio}—E flat.  
"L'Absence," {Allegro}—E flat.  
"Le Retour," Vivacissimamente—E flat.  
Song, "L'Attente" . . . . . Schubert.  
Sonata in E minor, Op. 90 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Vivace e sempre con espressione—E minor.  
Allegretto—E major.

## PART II.

Grand Sonata in A major, Op. 101 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Allegretto ma non troppo—A major.  
Vivace alla marcia—F flat major.  
Adagio ma non troppo, con affetto—A minor.  
Allegretto ma non troppo . . . . . A major.  
Song, "The Evening Song" . . . . . Blumenthal.  
Grand Sonata in B flat major, Op. 106 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Allegro—B flat major.  
Scherzo assai vivace—B flat major.  
Adagio sostenuto—F sharp minor.  
Introduzione, Largo.  
Un poco più vivace.  
Allegro.  
Largo.

Finale,—Allegro risoluto—B flat major.

"The Battle of Vittoria," Op. 91, an orchestral work, dedicated to the Prince-Regent of England, in commemoration of Wellington's victory, commencing with the inspiring melody of "Rule Britannia," comes after the Sonata, Op. 90; then the Seventh Symphony, Op. 92, that in A major (a most splendid performance of which we heard lately by the band of the Musical Art Union); the Eighth Symphony in F, Op. 93; a Song from Tieck's *Urania*, "An die Hoffnung," Op. 94; a stringed Quartett in F minor, Op. 95; Sonata in G major, Op. 96, for piano and violin; Grand Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97; the "Lieder-Kreis," in E flat, Op. 98, a chain of six charming Songs (frequently sung at the Monday Popular Concerts by Mr. Sims Reeves); two Songs, "Der Mann von Wort," Op. 99, and "Merkenstein," Op. 100, fill up the interval till we come to the Sonata in A, Op. 101, the answer which Beethoven made to the lady who had reproached him for his inability to compose anything suggestive of the passionate feelings of love. Between this Sonata, Op. 101, and the "Colossus," in B flat, we find two Sonatas for piano and violoncello, Op. 102; an Octett, Op. 103, arranged from the Quintett, Op. 4; a Quintett, Op. 104, arranged from the third Trio, Op. 1, in C minor, and six Variations for the Piano, Op. 105.

On this occasion, Mr. Halle played throughout from a book; and his admirable execution was welcomed with hearty applause, which was more than usually prolonged on his concluding the lengthy and difficult Sonata in B flat. Mr. Tennant was the vocalist.

## MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

Amongst the benefit concerts that have taken place during the past week, are those of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Herr Van Heddeghem, Herr Lidel, Herr Goffrie, M. Edouard Silas, and Miss Eleanor Wilkinson.

Concerts have also been given by the Royal Society of Female Musicians, the Society of Female Artists, and the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. At this last concert, besides several pieces by Hummel, Glück, Mercadante, Meyerbeer, and Beethoven, there were some manuscript compositions by



the more promising students; an Overture by Westlake, and an Introduction to the opera of "Fair Rosamond," by G. H. Thomas, also a student. The concert terminated with the performance of an "Ode to the Victor in a Tilting Match," by Mr. W. C. Hay, associate. The Ode comprised an Introductory Symphony and Festal March, Recitative, Chorus, Scena, and Air; the solo parts were sung by Miss Armitage, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Rudkin. In the first part of the programme, Miss Bayley performed Weber's "Concert-Stück."

The last of the Monday Popular Concerts, the last Matinée of the Musical Union (Mr. Ella's), and Mr. Deacon's third Séance of Classical performances, have also taken place during this week. At the Surrey Gardens, Prince George Galitzin has, in conjunction with the Tyrolese minstrels, been making an attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, of reviving the musical entertainments there.

## MUSICAL ART UNION.

The third and last concert of this enterprising society took place yesterday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms; too late in the week to allow of our giving any details, which we reserve, therefore, for the following week. An inspection of the subjoined programme will show the interesting character of the concert, the first in which there has been any occasion for the employment of a choir:—

## The Third Concert.

Requiem	Cherubini.
Romance in F. Op. 50, violin	Beethoven.
Aria, "Non temer" (violin obbligato)	Mozart.
Cantata, "The Erl-King's Daughter"	N. W. Gade.

The engagement of such solo vocalists as Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Laura Baxter, and Mr. Santley (who sing the parts of the Erl-King's Daughter, of the Mother, and of Sir Olaf, respectively), shows that the managers are determined to secure an irreproachable execution of the works presented by them. In how earnest a spirit, and with what true love of Art, the members of this Union co-operate, may be to some extent apprehended from the fact of their devoting *twelve* rehearsals to one of Beethoven's works, in order to secure its proper performance: this, too, be it remembered, from an orchestra consisting entirely of first-class musicians.

## ADELPHI.

It was to be expected that after affording a topic for discussion in every drawing-room, a theme for learned dissertation in our daily, weekly, and monthly press, and a fruitful subject for debate, degenerating even, in one instance, into a tolerably degrading personal contest, before our learned and scientific institutions, the next appearance of the "gorilla" would be upon the stage. Mr. Webster has, then, with a commendable diligence characteristic of his management, been the first to bring before the public a comedy, having a putative gorilla for its hero. The manner in which it appears is simply this; Mr. Paul Grandy (Mr. Paul Bedford) in order to win Marion Morton (Miss Emily Thorne), a young heiress, from the roof of a selfish guardian, Mr. Pipkin (Mr. J. L. Toole), anxious to secure his charming ward and her still more charming dowry for himself, dresses himself as a gorilla, in the costume which Punch and Mr. Byron, at the amateur performance of the Savage Club, have established as the conventional stage dress of this interesting addition to the simian tribes. Once admitted, he kisses the young lady and her attendant with equal and laudable impartiality, and bullies the old guardian till he succeeds in thoroughly terrifying him, and secures the hand of the ward. We wish we could say a word in favour of "Mr. Gorilla," as the piece is called, but not one word can we find. The extravagant humour of Mr. Toole, in a scene where he fancies that he has, under the compulsion of the *Gorilla*, eaten a poisoned sandwich which he had prepared for its destruction, or the roaring and gesticulations of Mr. Bedford, as the man-monkey, provoked much laughter from the audience; and a vigorously executed dance and song to a well-known and hackneyed negro melody brought down considerable applause; but the piece itself was the emptiest and most worthless we remember to have witnessed on the English stage. One mass of situations, extravagant without

being amusing, or incidents absurd without one particle of fun. The quibbles, we could not call them jokes, with which the piece was seasoned, were of the order with which the clown of a travelling circus enlivens the bumpkins of a country market town in the intervals between the "rapid and daring feats" of horsemanship; in fact, the entire piece is contemptible. We notice that the last twelve nights of the ever-fresh "Colleen Bawn" are announced. We have never been among the enthusiastic admirers of this drama, which has achieved so wonderful a success; but it is impossible to dispute that not all the adventitious aid that has been wisely and discreetly employed to bring about this result, and not all the wonderful scenic effects, including the celebrated and admirable drowning scene, so familiar now to all London and country play-goers, can account for so marked a triumph; there must be something intrinsically powerful in the play. The acting of Mr. Boucicault has been admirable, that of Mrs. Boucicault pleasing; the rest, with perhaps one, or at the most two, exceptions, has not been of a high order. The memory, however, of this extraordinary run will not soon be forgotten; and Mr. Boucicault, we see, has discontinued the piece, on the score of fatigue, wisely, while in the full bloom of its success, with all its blushing honours thick upon it, and has not allowed a single sign of fatigue or weariness to hint of a possible close to the period of its attraction and his remuneration. The "Colleen Bawn" is, we note, to be replaced by "The Dead Heart;" in which Mr. Webster has met with a success only equalled by that of Mr. Boucicault in "The Brides of Garryowen," to quote the other and less known title of "Colleen Bawn."

## STRAND.

In "Peace and Quiet," as the new farce, by T. J. Williams, Esq., produced at the Strand Theatre, is called, we have to swallow a considerable amount of absurdity even for a farce; but the result, we must confess, is, upon the whole, amusing. We see traces of a French origin in this piece, and one or two of the most important characters are taken from the French; but we are unaware that the entire piece is an adaptation; if so, it is a skilful one. The amusement derived depends more, however, upon the unceasing noise and bustle of the piece than on merit of any other description. A young law student, Mr. Swashington Gait (Mr. J. Clark), by dint of uncontrollable and never-failing impudence, and with the assistance of a cornet-à-piston, on which he produces the most dismal strains conceivable, drives Mr. Twitterly Phlatersome (Mr. Bland), a gentleman of sensitive organization, to whom quiet is, before all things, essential, but who, being of muscular form and violent passions, finds that quiet difficult to maintain, into a perfect fury of rage by offering ten shillings a week for some lodgings, for which he wants two guineas. He afterwards, owning himself penniless, proposes for the hand of the sensitive gentleman's daughter; and such is the power of his coolness and the dread inspired by his fearful cornet, that he persuades the father into giving his consent, and at the same time bullies his uncle, Jonas Closefit, into allowing him a hundred a year, with which sum, magnificently regardless of the social problems lately argued, as to what amount per annum justifies matrimony in London, he intends taking that important step, and will, doubtless, engage at once the lodgings at two guineas a week for the reception of the bride, who starts with so cheerful a prospect. The piece would have been much better if the termination had not evidently been hurried; a little more pains would have made a tolerable, no pains could possibly have made a good piece of it.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The second Conversazione of the Musical Society of London's third season was held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, and, as usual, attracted a large and brilliant attendance of members. The *spécialité* of these meetings, as we have before observed, is the opportunity they afford to persons interested in such matters, of inspecting rare and original works of literature, music, and the fine arts, lent for the occasion by members and others, and

making for the time being a miniature museum of their various collections. For instance, on Wednesday evening were seen, curious musical instruments from Burmah, Java, and Senegal; a violin made at Cremona (1570) for Charles IX. of France; spinets, virginals, and harpsichords of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; an autograph letter from Beethoven to John Broadwood, containing the great composer's thanks for a grand pianoforte presented to him; an original woodcut portrait of "John Heywood, virginal player in the court of Henry VIII.," the original MS. of Purcell's Ode on the Duke of Gloucester's birthday; Milton's "Paradise Regained," with Dr. Samuel Johnson's autograph; Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, with the autograph of Edmund Waller, the poet, and various other curiosities obligingly lent for the occasion by the learned antiquarian Dr. Rimbault, too numerous to particularize in this notice. Painting too was liberally represented, as also the sister art Sculpture; a colossal statue of "Italy," by Monti, being very conspicuously placed in the middle of the orchestra-platform, surrounded by busts of her poets, sculptors, painters, musicians, architects, warriors, and statesmen, the effect of which was extremely good. Music also contributed her share towards the entertainment of the evening, and was represented, instrumentally, by Miss Alice Mangold, who played a pianoforte solo, "Etudes de Concert," by Heuselt; and by Herr Deichmann and Mr. Aptommas, who performed violin and harp solos respectively; the vocal music being entrusted to Mme. Sherrington, Miss Banks, Miss Helen M'Leod, and Signor Gardoni, who sang selections from the works of Mendelssohn, Wallace, Verdi, and other composers. Some part songs, too, of Mendelssohn, Pearsall, and Smart, were well rendered by those members of the Society who have formed themselves into a choir, under the direction of Mr. Henry Smart. With so much to attract and interest the mind and fascinate the ear, it was impossible to be otherwise than gratified with such a feast of Art; and the thanks of all who participated in the enjoyment are due to Mr. Saloman and his assistants, for the trouble taken in the collection and arrangement of the numerous contributions.

The benefit of Mlle. Tietjens is announced for this evening, at the Royal Opera, Lyceum. If the presence and support of any individual artiste could confer respectability on any undertaking which owed its existence to Mr. E. T. Smith, it would assuredly be Mlle. Tietjens, through whose talents and energies the company at the Lyceum has hitherto stood its ground. It is not every artiste who can endure *fourteen* hours' work in one day; and this, we believe, was literally the case with Mlle. Tietjens the two days previous to the opening of the Lyceum as an Opera House.

The musical season at the Théâtre Pergola, Florence, is announced to open shortly with a performance of Verdi's "Il Ballo in Maschera," after which will shortly follow a new opera, "Belphegor," by Pacini.

Prince Poniatowski's opera, "Au travers du Mer," recently performed at the Théâtre Lyrique, is to be represented at the Opéra Comique.

A recitation of "Marie," a comic opera in three acts, by Planard and Hérol, took place recently at the Conservatoire.

A monster concert was lately given at Havannah, by Gottschalk, the celebrated American pianiste. Amongst other novelties, was a Triumphant March for eighty trumpets and drums; and—fit conclusion to the whole!—a Fantasia for *forty* pianos, by Gottschalk, the *beneficiaire*.

The second meeting of the Orphéonistes, at Paris, took place on Sunday last at the Cirque Napoléon.

The organization of the approaching musical festival at Brussels has been committed to M. Fétis. At the first concert there will be a performance of one of Beethoven's Symphonies, besides selections from some of the oratorios of Handel: in the second, solo pieces will be introduced; amongst others, by MM. Vieuxtemps, Gervais, Lemmens, and Mme. Sherrington.

A *History of Music in Holland*, by Edouard Gregoir, is announced amongst other musical publications in Germany.

Rossini has written to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862, declining to comply with their request that he would compose a Triumphant March in honour of the occasion: application was at the same time made to Auber and Meyerbeer, but with what result is not yet known.

### MISCELLANEA.

Our readers will find in another portion of our columns, the official report of the proceedings of the Ethnological Society, at their meeting on Tuesday evening last. They will not, however, find there the most notable of those proceedings. They will not find there, how in an assembly of gentlemen and men of science, met together for purposes of honest investigation and dispassionate criticism, the illustrious African traveller, the mighty hunter, with whose fame all England for six months has been ringing, so far forgot the position to which merit or accident has elevated him, as to commit a gross and filthy outrage upon a person, whose only offence was that in common with most others who have read M. Du Chaillu's narrative, he had come across what appeared to be indubitable errors or misstatements. Mr. Malone, the victim of the intrepid hunter's rage, is the Professor of Chemistry at the London Institution. On the evening in question, after Captain Burton had read his paper, which by the way brought no material arguments in favour of M. Du Chaillu, a promiscuous discussion without much point ensued, in which various persons took part; and amongst others, Mr. Malone, premising that he was no personal friend of Dr. Gray, put a question to M. Du Chaillu relative to a statement in his book to the effect that a certain African tribe make harp-strings of the roots of trees. He incidentally assumed that M. Du Chaillu was not the actual writer of the *Adventures in Equatorial Africa*. The illustrious traveller and intrepid hunter then got up and in a very excited manner uttered a couple of sentences about the presence of ladies restraining him from answering the question as it deserved, and that men might ask questions who would turn pale at a pistol or a sword. This very appropriate and conclusive answer having been given, some further unprofitable talk followed. And here, we must remark that whilst we fully appreciate the embarrassment of the chairman's position, we cannot but consider him very seriously to blame for failing at once to call M. Du Chaillu to order. Had he done this, and recalled him to some sense of decency, instead of making feeble puns, the disgraceful scene with which the proceedings concluded would probably have been avoided. We have no wish to dwell upon this painful affair. Of course M. Du Chaillu's behaviour on Tuesday evening does not affect the veracity of his book. But it may teach a lesson to the fashionable world, who have so unreasonably made M. Du Chaillu their pet for the season, and who seem to have been less successful in teaching him the amenities of English civilization, than their hospitable efforts deserved. There cannot be two opinions as to M. Du Chaillu's conduct. It reminds us of the rowdiness of an American Congress—a rowdiness which we should be very sorry to see imported into the scientific assemblies of our own country. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the truth or otherwise of the Development Theory, we trust that English gentlemen and English scholars may not develop backwards to the manners of the Fans, or the Neam-Nams. We may conclude our remarks with a twofold wish: first, that M. Du Chaillu may be speedily relegated to the land of the Gorilla; and next, that the Ethnological Society may soon teach their President that to permit the low language of a fire-eating slayer of baboons to go unproved, is not the best mode of arriving at the truth, or securing honest deliberation.

The Royal Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts had a pleasant conversazione, on Wednesday evening last, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall.

We have with deep regret to announce the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, at Turin, on Saturday last.

The President and Council of the Royal College of Physicians have issued cards for a conversazione, to be held on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant.

We have great pleasure in inserting the following letter from Mr. Matthew Feilde on the subject of procuring the benefits of Mr. Ewart's Free Libraries Act for the City of London. In common with all who desire to see the opportunities of acquiring knowledge increased in number and extent, we shall be gratified if the ratepayers of the City can secure the required majority. At the same time, we should not have been sorry if Mr. Feilde had imported his zeal and enthusiasm into quarters which stand in more need of a free library than even the City. However, the example of the City, supposing the proposal to be carried, will have great weight in the more refractory parishes of the metropolis:—"Sir,—The City of London has a character to redeem, and the untoward decision of November 1855 will, I trust, be reversed in 1861. The Lord Mayor has convened a public meeting of such persons as are rated to the consolidated rate, for Thursday, July 11, at the Guildhall at twelve o'clock, to take a vote as to the adoption of the Public Libraries Act. This is an amended Act [18 & 19 Vict. cap. 70], and by a special clause, the 24th, the City of London can adopt it. To carry it, the assent of two-thirds of the ratepayers present at the meeting is necessary: a simple majority is not enough. The Act is peremptory on this point, and as no poll can be demanded, it is obvious the friends of popular education must make a vigorous effort, or the enemies of progress will again triumph. Mr. Ewart's Act has been adopted in twenty-three towns and in one parish, and has given the greatest satisfaction and been appreciated by all classes. The citizens are awakening up to the policy of giving their money for libraries rather than for prisons, and for the supply of books and newspapers, not for the support of paupers. Their new lunatic asylum cost £50,000. There are institutions enough for the punishment of crime, and not one for its prevention. Sir, I admire the voluntary principle in some things, but I ignore it in this matter. The attempt was made at Gloucester Place, Marylebone, to establish a free library by voluntary contributions. After a brief struggle it disappeared. You may create, but you cannot sustain or maintain free libraries and newspapers by the subscription plan. The shrill scream of the peacock, 'more taxation,' is, I regret to add, again heard in the ward of Bishopsgate-Without. Why do *soi-disant* Liberals ignore the fact that the gin-palaces and public-houses which infest the streets are the mainspring of the poverty in this wealthy city? No man is a friend of the 'poor working man' who refuses to tax himself 2s. 6d. a year, or the maximum average 4s. 2d. a year, to establish a beneficial counterpoise to such dangerous attractions.—I am, &c., MATTHEW FEILDE. June 29, 1861."

We understand that within the next fortnight Dr. Constantine Simonides will publish his edition of *St. Matthew's Gospel*, the text of which was found by him amongst the MSS. of the well-known collector, Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool. It is supposed to have been written by the Deacon Nicolaus, fifteen years after the Ascension. Biblical scholars will look forward to this publication with great curiosity.

The President and Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects have issued invitations for a conversazione, to be held on Wednesday evening next, at their house, No. 9, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

An alteration and improvement has been made in the arrangement of the rare foreign plants and trees in the stove of the great palm-house in Kew Gardens, which renders this magnificent house unique. All the palms, &c., some of which are sixty feet high, are now planted out in the open ground; so that the visitor may walk among a grove of these beautiful exotics, on a level with their lofty trunks, and obtain such an idea of their magnificence as could not be gained elsewhere in Europe. Indeed, in the tropics even it would be difficult to see such an assemblage of palms as are now brought together at Kew.

On Thursday evening last the members of the Numismatic Society met for their annual conversazione, at the house of the Treasurer of the Society, G. H. Virtue, Esq.

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is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By its whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate headgear or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED** in a few minutes, without injury to the Skin.

Ten years' trial has proved the efficacy of ATKINS' PREPARATION for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least injury to the skin. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 5s. money order or stamps.

Copy of a Testimonial proving the efficacy of the above preparation.

"Eaton Square, London, June 20, 1860.

"Miss Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Atkins, and respectfully states and thanks him at the same time for the complete success she derived from using his preparation. It was the means of removing the disfigurement on the face, with which she had been previously troubled for many years."

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ATKINS' HEAD LOTION cleanses the Skin of the Head and improves the hair by one application. Price 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle.

ATKINS' HAIR RESTORATIVE, a certain preparation for restoring and beautifying the Human Hair, producing Eyebrows, Whiskers, and Moustaches in a few weeks. Price 5s. per Pot.

Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, London; Raimes and Co., Edinburgh, and 40, Hanover Street, Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., Bridge Street, York. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hair Dressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors.

The above preparations are prepared by John Atkins, Perfumer, 1, Falcon Villa, Falcon Road, Battersea near London.

By Her Majesty's Letters Patent.

**FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!—New Patent**

FIRE IGNITERS, Six for One Penny; lights the fire instantly, without the aid of wood or paper. By placing the point upwards and lighting the top with a match, a brilliant fire is immediately made. To hotel-keepers, institutions, and others, it is invaluable; boiling a kettle in ten minutes. Sole Agents: GEORGE BASHAM and Co., 8, Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E. Sold by all grocers, oilmen, ironmongers, etc.—Agents Wanted.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**

Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under all circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every town in the kingdom.

CAUTION!—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase the various imitations.

**CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA CURED.**

—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East Indian Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, puerishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address, sent to O. P. BROWN, No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. JAMES'S Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTEDLY!" Who does? Old Dr. H. JAMES. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restoring qualities of preparations made from East Indian Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he made a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvellous and blessed remedy public.—Atlas.

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND."—In these days of selfishness it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. JAMES. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetables, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. Try it.—Messenger.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—"Let there be Light," said the Divine Architect when he fashioned the earth from chaos, and there was light. If the "regular faculty" (as the old school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlightened themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with LIGHT, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. JAMES makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shattered sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal ulcerations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves.—Liverpool Paper.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY."—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial.—Birmingham Paper.